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THE NEW

# STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE immediate effect of the clash of views between England and France on the League Council has been to disillusion a number of States which had co-operated in sanctions against Italy in the hope that the League would stand together when confronted with a more difficult test. All the States with German frontiers now wait in terror wondering which treaty Hitler will next choose to violate, while the pro-Nazi element in Austria, Poland, Jugoslavia and Rumania will certainly be strengthened by Hitler's success in driving a wedge between England and France. Europe watches cynically while Italy offers to come into a collective system on condition that sanctions are called off. If that happens, all is over in Abyssinia—except the fighting. The Italians will go on ruthlessly bombing a helpless population. The Abyssinians will go on resisting; they are not the kind of people to take civilisation lying down. With the memory of the revolt against the Laval-Hoare proposals still fresh in everyone's mind, it will not be easy for Britain and France to serve up a betrayal of Abyssinia with the correct League sauce; it will taste too much of spaghetti and gunpowder. But such is the nemesis of not taking the Covenant seriously; if the League had really intended to stop Mussolini from the beginning it would not now be confronted with two dictatorships each out to smash it and each in a position to levy blackmail on it. To bargain with Mussolini was fatal from the start; it was to smash the whole collective system on the desperate gamble that a dictator who has shown himself as ready to break treaties as Hitler himself would prove a stable ally against Germany.

### The German "Election"

Hitler should get a "unanimous" vote in the German "Election" on Sunday. In the plebiscites of August, 1934, and the election of November, 1933, it was possible to vote either Yes or No—in 1933, with regard to Germany's departure from Geneva, in 1934 for or against Hitler's assumption of the Presidency. But on this occasion each elector is to be presented with a ballot paper headed *Reichstag for Freedom and Peace*, under which stands a list of Nazi leaders and a circle in which the vote is to be recorded by means of a cross. Dissent can only be shown by spoiling one's voting paper and spoilt ballot papers are apparently not to be counted. It is not clear whether a blank voting paper will count as a vote for the Nazis or as spoilt. One can only be sure of spoiling one's paper by handing in an empty envelope or by scribbling across the circle or tearing up the voting paper. The committee man who receives an empty envelope can feel it to be so and mark one down as hostile to the State at once, while a voter who tears up the paper runs the risk of being observed through the extremely thin partition. To abstain will be even more dangerous, for those who stay at home will certainly be marked indi-

viduals. By reducing the voting age from twenty-one to twenty, Hitler has ensured himself a bigger poll.

### The Naval Treaty

The Government staged a dignified little comedy on Wednesday in St. James' Palace in order doubtless to suggest that it has done its best to disarm at sea. Something certainly was signed in Queen Anne's Drawing Room. It binds, however, only the three Powers (Britain, the U.S.A. and France) which have no intention of competing with one another. The three which may have this intention, Japan, Russia and Italy, remain aloof. Since it had from the first intended to increase the number of its cruisers, the British Admiralty, or its spokesmen in the press, has now the audacity to doubt the value of quantitative limitation. The qualitative limitation which the new treaty defines leaves to the fantasy of naval architects a wide discretion: a capital ship may be a monster of 35,000 tons, but oddly enough it must not shrink below 17,500 tons. "Pocket" battleships are banned. The tendency in other categories is towards rather smaller tonnages and calibres, but the 2,000 tons limit for submarines seems generous. The other marked tendency of the scheme is to turn all but the smallest craft into floating aerodromes. Not much is salved from the defunct Washington treaty save the obligation to announce programmes in advance, or in other words to challenge with a blare of trumpets.

### The Vienna Trial

The thirty Socialists on trial in Vienna have been treated with exceptional mildness, the heaviest sentence being twenty months' imprisonment for Karl Sailer. The Judge held that the charge of treasonable activity had been proved: the organisers of the Socialist movement had aimed at changing the form of Government and it was held to be immaterial whether they had attempted to achieve this end with or without the use of arms. The comparative leniency of the sentences appears to be due to the general sympathy aroused abroad combined with the stubborn defence of the prisoners themselves who maintained that it was precisely their banned organisations which could best be relied upon to uphold Austrian independence. Nothing, however, has yet been done to remove any of the main grievances against the Schuschnigg Government. The fourteen prisoners acquitted and the others once they have completed their sentences will not necessarily be given their liberty; the police have complete power to send them for a further unlimited period to a concentration camp. This trial, moreover, was intended to be only the first of a series of mass trials. According to official figures, there are now 1,600 Socialists and Communists awaiting trial in Vienna—more than twice the number in prison at the time of the Christmas amnesty.

### The Thaelman Indictment

The indictment against Ernst Thaelman, the German Communist leader, has now been published. He has been in prison for three years without trial. He is now accused of preparing high treason, of inciting to overthrow the Constitution and of encouraging the continued existence of the Red Front Fighters League. No evidence is produced of any plan of insurrection or Communist plot, proof of which the Nazis claimed to have discovered at the time of the Reichstag fire. The charges are of a general political character; apparently the most heinous offence in the eyes of his accusers consists of the fact that in some of his speeches he favoured the violent overthrow of the Weimar Constitution! This from the Nazis is really too bitter a jest. The document also provides some interesting information about the witnesses; those for the prosecution are mostly storm troopers, whilst many of those for the defence "have been shot while trying to escape" or have died "while being transported to hospital." It is hardly surprising that Goebbels should have complained that the indictment is not sufficiently spectacular.

### The Palestine Mandate

The debate in the House on Tuesday on the establishment of a Legislative Council in Palestine revealed how widespread is the opposition to the Government's policy. Taken in conjunction with the recent measures for the restriction of the sale of land, this proposal seems likely to give to the Arabs a dangerous predominance at a time when humanitarian considerations make it more than ever vital that the efforts to institute a Jewish National Home should not be relaxed. Mr. Thomas maintained that the High Commissioner was committed to introduce self-governing institutions as soon as the Municipal Councils appeared to be working satisfactorily; in any event the Council would not be allowed to discuss the affairs of the Jewish Agency, the mandate or the immigration schedules. Mr. Churchill, however, voiced the feelings of the House when he claimed that the Balfour declarations could not be reconciled with an Arab majority on the Council. The Government has a delicate task to perform in holding the balance between Arab and Jew. The Arab has as much right to protection as the native in Kenya, and the appearance of an unemployment problem is likely to aggravate the difficulties. But the Government has not yet answered the charge that a premature fulfilment of the pledge to set up a Legislative Council will only increase the opportunities for communal strife.

### The Corporate State

Signor Mussolini, addressing the National Assembly of Corporations on the seventeenth anniversary of the formation of the first *fascio*, declared to the world his intentions for the future of the Fascist State. His policy, he declared, is "the maximum economic self-sufficiency within the shortest possible time," in view of "the inevitability that the nation will be called to the trial of war." Banking and credit have already been "logically brought under direct State control"; and the heavy industries are now "to cease to have *de jure* the character of private undertakings which they have entirely lost *de facto* since 1930–1931." The Corporations in these industries are to be reorganised under State control; and they will have "for some time to work almost exclusively for the armed forces." Every effort is to be made to develop raw material supplies in Italy. Coal imports are to be halved, or nearly so, by the use of water power and domestic lignite. Liquid fuel is to be supplied by hydrogenation of lignite and by alcohol from agricultural products. Where Italy lacks an essential material, that lack "constitutes a fundamental reason for her colonial

demands." Finally, as soon as the African War has been won the Chamber of Deputies is to be replaced by the Chamber of Corporations, which will crown the Corporative State.

### Credit in the Dominions

Major Douglas and the Social Credit Government of Alberta have parted company. Major Douglas accuses Mr. Aberhart and his colleagues of capitulating to the financial interests, and resigns his post of economic adviser to the Alberta Government; and Mr. Aberhart says that, after Major Douglas's ultimatum, it is impossible for the Government to have further relations with him. As for the citizens of Alberta, they are still waiting for their promised "Social Dividend"; and they seem likely to wait. Mr. Aberhart is busy borrowing money from the Dominion authorities in order to tide him over his financial difficulties; and while Alberta remains in pawn to the bondholders it will hardly be free to make experiments in unorthodox finance. Of course, there was never any real prospect of the Alberta "Social Creditors" being able to carry out their policy. Douglasism could be tried by a sovereign State powerful enough to subject the bankers to its will; but it is beyond the reach of a provincial Legislature subordinate in most matters to the authority of the Dominion. These hard facts would remain, even if Mr. Aberhart were not at bottom rather an evangelist than a financial reformer. Far more interest attaches to what is happening in New Zealand, where Mr. Savage's Labour Government, with no Douglasite pretensions, is now busy trying to nationalise the Central Bank and establish public control over the supply of credit.

### Wages and the Law

Slowly, the Government is being driven to admit the need for an extended scope of public wage regulation. It has accepted this need in the case of the cotton weavers; and it looks as if it will now be compelled to accept it in the case of road transport workers. When the State undertook the regulation of the road transport industry by means of the licensing system, it was recognised as reasonable to insist on fair wages and conditions being observed by the holders of road transport licences. But it has attempted to secure this, without direct compulsion, by means of a joint council of the industry itself, through which agreed rates of wages and conditions of employment could be laid down. The trouble is that these conditions, agreed upon by the representative organisations of master-carriers and transport workers, are not being by any means generally observed. They are especially apt to be ignored by many holders of "C" licences—that is, by auxiliary carriers who do not ply for hire, but transport their own goods. The numerous breaches of the agreed conditions have now induced both parties to the agreement to ask the Government to enforce the agreed wages by law; and the Government's answer to this week's deputation from the industry seems to bind it to legislation if conformity cannot be secured in other ways. As no other way seems to be open, presumably legislation will follow; and public wage regulation will make another advance. But why should not the Government, while it is dealing with the matter, deal with it on general lines, by taking power in any industry to make an agreement arrived at by representative bodies of employers and workers enforceable as a minimum on the entire trade? This power existed, with beneficial effects, during the war. Why not resume it?

### Education to Fourteen and a Half

The "fourteen and a half" amendment to the Education Bill has been before Standing Committee of the House of Commons this week. Sponsored by the School Age Council and supported by the County Councils Association and other influential bodies, it proposes a compromise between those who really want to raise the school age to fifteen and those who wish merely to pretend to raise it, while leaving the door wide open to exemptions for so-called "beneficial" employment. Under the proposed amendment, exemptions would begin only at fourteen and a half; so that each child would at any rate get a half year's extra schooling. This would be unsatisfactory enough, especially if the date for bringing the Act into force is left in the distant future. But as the Government flatly refuses to drop the exemption clause, on the ground that it was promised in the General Election, there is a good deal to be said for a compromise which would restrict exemptions to children over fourteen and a half, and at the same time bring the Bill more promptly into operation. So far, the Government is resisting all efforts at compromise; but it is to be hoped that the great preponderance of public opinion in favour of effectively raising the school age will induce it to change its mind.

### Police and Public

The police charge upon the meeting in Thurloe Square on Sunday night has raised a political issue of first-class importance. Sir John Simon's explanation in the House evaded the issue. We do not doubt that wild things were said by individuals in the crowd, but they do not constitute any defence of the police action. The facts stated in a letter we publish to-day from Mr. John Strachey are not, we gather, in dispute. And an astonishing body of evidence has poured this week into newspaper offices and into the office of the National Council for Civil Liberties from eye-witnesses who agree that the meeting in Thurloe Square was completely orderly until the mounted police charged it. The letters of protest come from people of all kinds and any or no party; from barristers, solicitors, journalists and citizens of all classes. We have ourselves seen or heard the evidence of about forty eye-witnesses; most of their statements have already been submitted to Sir John Simon. If the police are to retain in this country their high reputation, there is urgent need for the inquiry asked for by many members of Parliament led by three barristers representing the three political parties. Two points need immediate elucidation. Mr. Strachey was told not to hold his meeting within half a mile of the Albert Hall. Thurloe Square was deliberately chosen because it was half a mile from the blackshirt meeting. Why, then, was it broken up? Secondly, if the meeting was considered obstructive or dangerous, why was the crowd charged without warning? We have never before heard of a meeting being dispersed without a preliminary warning to the Chairman.

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# THE RETURN TO ANARCHY

THE outcome so far of the Locarno proceedings before the League Council has been a success for Nazi and Fascist diplomacy and a defeat for the Western democracies. The success is due to the fact that, whereas the nationalist dictatorships are wholehearted in their repudiation of the whole idea of collective security, the "national" Governments in the Western democracies are half-hearted in their defence of the collective system and both sceptical and muddle-headed as to the difference between it and a return to alliances and balance of power politics.

Hitler's tactics have, from the beginning, been clear—they are, in fact, the policy outlined in *Mein Kampf* and consistently pursued by the Nazi Government. They consist in driving a wedge between the British and French Governments in such a way as to gain the friendship of the former and to obtain a free hand for Germany in East and Central Europe. France, isolated and frightened, is then either to be bullied into acquiescing in Germany's free hand or to take the consequences of defying the might of the Third Reich.

The White Paper proposals may be regarded as an Anglo-French attempt to recreate the collective system by persuading Germany to recognise an obligation not to break treaties unilaterally and to submit disputes for legal settlement in exchange for a promise to consider her proposals for coming back into the League and to remedy any outstanding grievances she might still have. Unfortunately, this attempt was vitiated at the outset by adulteration with pre-war balance of power conceptions. To invite Italy to act as guarantor of the collective system in Europe even while she is destroying it, with some success, in Africa, was in itself enough to smother the proposals in mocking laughter. Nor could either France or Britain have thought the notion of policing the German bank of the Rhine practicable. The British, no doubt, thought it a good bargaining counter: Germany, the British may have hoped, could repudiate it with a flourish and agree to the rest, while France could gracefully yield on this point and stand firm on the other conditions. If this was the idea, it was a failure: Germany still refuses any legal settlement and M. Flandin, with his elections in sight, insists that the proposals are one and indivisible.

The situation at present is that each of the two democracies is being blackmailed by its pet dictator and that the two are in serious danger of quarrelling over the concessions to be made to each. The British Government wish to negotiate on Hitler's counter-proposals with the White Paper; the French Government wish to end sanctions against Italy and to bribe Mussolini to become a policeman by allowing him to keep the spoils of the robbery for which the world has condemned him.

France and Great Britain will not quarrel irrevocably. They quarrel as husbands and wives sometimes do—all the more bitterly and frequently because they know that they cannot part. Their fates are too closely interwoven; strategically a rupture is too dangerous and as democracies they still stand for a common view of what constitutes civilisation, whereas the nationalist dictatorships are the negation of that view. In both countries public opinion is still too strong to allow statesmen to leave off paying lip service to collective security. The recent joint resolution of the Trade Union and Socialist Internationals was significant and there are powerful elements in the Right and Centre parties, hopelessly divided though they are in both countries, which would prevent a break between the Western democracies and an open confession of failure to keep the collective system alive.

Some agreement will, therefore, be patched up between Great Britain and France after protracted and devious negotiations through diplomatic channels. The French elections influence the French Government and are likely to be influenced, in their turn, by the danger of an Anglo-French breach. If public opinion allows it, the result to be announced, probably only after the election, is likely to be some kind of lame compromise which will include a deal with Mussolini on terms even worse than the Laval-Hoare proposals. There are even ominous suggestions of rewarding the aggressor with a Franco-British loan! At the same time, Hitler would perhaps return to the League on virtually his own terms; the whole obscured and tempered by some kind of Anglo-Franco-Belgian arrangements (with or without Italian support) that will be too ambiguous to act as a deterrent against war and sufficiently entangling to assure our being involved if war breaks out. Then we shall really be back at the intolerable situation which led to war in 1914.

The only right policy would still be to make an attempt to revive the collective system. Great Britain would have to make her position unambiguous; we could insist on full consideration of any proposals for peaceful change—including colonial and marketing revision—which Germany could advance, but we should have to satisfy France with an all-European treaty of mutual assistance, with or without Germany in the League. The French would then have to agree to an oil and shipping embargo being added to the existing sanctions against Italy and to maintain sanctions until that country has been compelled to conclude peace on terms consistent with the Covenant. On those lines the Western democracies could entirely regain control of Europe. But we have little hope of them now attempting to do anything of the kind.

It looks indeed as if the drift back to international anarchy and a gradual disintegration of the collective system will continue at an increasing rate in the next few months. In that case the time is coming when all those who showed through the Peace Ballot and the moral revolt against the Hoare-Laval proposals that they were in earnest about the collective system must make up their minds where they stand as regards rearmament and war.

The Government have betrayed their election pledges because, as Mr. Baldwin explained on the occasion of the Hoare-Laval scandal, they were unaware that selling the victim, whom we had promised to protect, to the aggressor, whom we were pledged to stop, was inconsistent with those pledges. They are returning to a precarious balance of power system in which there is no distinction between self-defence and the use of war as an instrument of national policy.

The Government and their supporters have freely charged those who wished to be honest about sanctions with being bellicose because they believed that to stand by the Covenant involved less risk of war than to return to international anarchy. Is it not time that the realist supporters of the League in this country made it clear that whereas they are prepared, in the last resort, to run

the risks of having to fight as policemen in defence of an international order, they are not prepared to fight for alliances or the balance of power or to uphold the present Government's views of British vital interests in overseas markets, colonies and concessions?

Those are the things for which the Government, as quite clearly revealed in their White Paper on Defence, are prepared to fight. But to most of those who voted in the Peace Ballot they are not worth the bones of a single British soldier.

# PARIS REFLECTIONS

"Germany," he said, "is the language of the future. Of a very bad future."—From a novel by Colm Brogan.

A FRENCH friend, just back from London, was baffled to find that a large part of England had—as he put it—"gone frantic over Poincaré and the Ruhr." "A bit late in the day," he said, "isn't it?"

It is. For it may be well to remember that Locarno came *after* the Ruhr and marked the end of the Ruhr policy. This policy was condemned by the French people in the election of 1924, and Locarno opened a new and happier phase in Franco-German relations. Locarno was not a by-product of the Treaty of Versailles; it was a reaction against it, for the "spirit of Locarno" was the spirit of peace and reconciliation. Curious how that once enormously popular phrase has now been totally forgotten in England. Locarno put an end to the possibility of French military adventures on German soil; and while the British guarantee protected both France and Germany against aggression, it is well to recall that in 1925—when Germany was (temporarily) weaker than France—it was she and not France who was most delighted with Locarno. Stresemann considered it the masterpiece of his diplomacy: "We got 100 per cent. of what we wanted," he wrote in his Memoirs. The demilitarised zone did not worry him: guaranteed as it was by Great Britain (with whom France would never quarrel) it was a valuable German contribution to European goodwill. It should not be forgotten that, on the Rhine, Germany is strategically in a vastly better position than France. The demilitarisation of the historical "spring-board of invasion"—this time voluntarily accepted by Germany—was reassuring to the French, and increased their confidence in a happier relationship with Germany.

In 1925 Germany needed Locarno more than France did. But, for the sake of a lasting peace, France was glad to sign it. In 1936 France needed Locarno more than did Germany, and Hitler tore it up, despite his promise last May to leave intact this "valuable contribution to peace," as he himself called it.

He delivered his speech three weeks *after* the signing of the Franco-Soviet Pact. At that time he did not declare the two pacts to be incompatible, and merely asked for "juridical explanations." Actually, Laval had, before signing the Pact, taken every precaution against the "incompatibility" of the two pacts. Legal experts—both British and French—had agreed that it was all right. And it may also be worth recalling that Laval had for weeks been in consultation with London *before* signing the Pact, and that this was signed with the express approval of the British Government. Moreover, Hitler could have received his "juridical explanations" from the Hague Court if he had wanted them; but he preferred a different course more in keeping with Nazi legal ideas. "We are not going to be dragged round international courts," he proclaimed in his Munich speech, "for no international court has the same responsibility towards the German people as I have." A phrase worth painting over the façade of the new League building at Geneva to celebrate Germany's proposed return to the League!

To every Frenchman the purpose of Hitler's coup of March 7th was as clear as daylight; and the French were naturally startled by the altogether different reactions it produced in England. It was all very well to say that the demilitarised zone was "a remnant of Versailles"; but it had been accepted voluntarily; and one also had to consider the practical implications of Hitler's action. The demilitarised zone, without fortifications, was, after all, a deterrent to Germany's military expansion in the East. Germany had, of course, a moral "right" to defend herself against unprovoked French aggression: but one may ask whether the French would ever have attacked Germany at the risk of being beaten, and with the certainty of violating the Treaty of Locarno and so bringing England in on Germany's side?

No. Hitler was not afraid of a spontaneous French invasion. But his exposed position on the Rhine did not square with his plans for the Danube and elsewhere. Mutual assistance against the aggressor was the one thing to be discouraged. The "Locarno spirit" had served its purpose, and he now felt strong enough to dispense with it. "The end of Locarno," one Frenchman said, "is the beginning of Mittel-Europa."

But was it necessary for Hitler to tear up Locarno? Could he not have obtained its peaceful revision? The chances are that he could have. In his last Reichstag speech Hitler complained of the irresponsiveness of France. He claimed to have offered France his friendship time and again; but the French had preferred to make friends with the U.S.S.R., at the risk of turning Paris into a branch office of the Third International. He, Hitler, had the mission of protecting the French against their own folly, and of protecting European Civilisation against the plague of Bolshevism (Nazi Germany being, of course, the *fine fleur* of European civilisation).

But the truth is that both France and England had given Hitler every chance to revise Locarno peacefully (since it "had" to be revised). In my last article, written a few days before March 7th, I referred to the plan of a round-table conference, which was being seriously examined in both French and British diplomatic quarters. At such a conference Germany would be asked to state her grievances; and its provisional programme included such items as Germany's return to the League, a strengthening of collective security, colonies for Germany, and the revision of Locarno. For, in spite of all the arguments in favour of the zone, both France and England were prepared last month to re-examine the situation. Germany knew that perfectly well.

On February 29th France took an important step towards satisfying Germany. On February 28th a Hitler interview appeared in a Paris paper in which Hitler made an emotional appeal to France: "Let us be friends." The French Government took him at his word, and immediately instructed the French Ambassador in Berlin to ask Hitler on what terms he wished to be friends with France. Hitler said that he would reply in a few days, and asked the meeting *to be kept secret*. A week later Locarno was torn up: that was Hitler's reply. Unfortunately there was nobody in Berlin to let the story leak out, though it was strongly suspected in Paris at the time that some kind of conversations had started. For, as it happened, the Jouvenel interview had produced a crop of articles, especially in the press of the Left, and signed by people of such standing as M. Bastid, the President of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber, urging the Government to "talk to him" at once: and there was every reason to suppose that the Government would not ignore this campaign.

Actually, that was not the first attempt to have been made by France to "talk to him." Laval had made repeated overtures to Hitler; but they had led to nothing. In December he refused point-blank to discuss a Western air pact.

The repudiation of Locarno, though not altogether unexpected, caused anger and consternation in France. There was a general feeling that war had come a great deal nearer. The trick Hitler had played on the French Ambassador was a good demonstration of his "peaceful intentions" and of his diplomatic methods. But, all things considered, the country

took it more calmly than might have been expected. The Government showed extraordinary moderation in the circumstances. The choice lay between beating Hitler at his own game, and appealing to the League and to the Locarno guarantors. One or two members of the Cabinet proposed immediate mobilisation—which was the one thing Hitler was really afraid of. But counsels of moderation prevailed. But although there were few Frenchmen, and scarcely any French generals (whatever the *Völkischer Beobachter* may say to the contrary), in favour of strong action, a large number of people here felt, especially during the first days of the London conference, that France had been poorly rewarded for her moderation. The enthusiasm set loose in England by Hitler's " twenty-five years of peace " caused general dismay in France. One might know better, the French said, what Hitler's promises were worth. In France there were no illusions on the subject. It was only too clear to the French that in repudiating Locarno his object was to secure as quickly as possible a free hand in the East, and, having done his worst there, to tackle the West next—if the West was foolish or weak enough, in the first place, to let him go ahead in the East.

One may, of course, say that he has promised non-aggression pacts to his Eastern neighbours. But what, the French ask, are these pacts worth? What is to stop him from tearing them up on the flimsiest of pretexts, just as he tore up Locarno? Actually, before even the pacts have been signed, Hitler has already indicated a few possible pretexts for tearing them up when the time comes. Through her treaty with Russia, he said, Czechoslovakia was in danger of becoming an outpost of Bolshevism in Europe. (Some day, when it suits him, he may declare that this has happened, and that " it can't be tolerated.") As for Poland, he declared that she was naturally entitled to an outlet to the sea; " but it is most regrettable," he added, " that this outlet should have to go through former German territory." And the German paper *Ostland* contains the following interpretation of Hitler's offer of a non-aggression pact to Lithuania:

> Not only the conclusion of the Pact but also its further existence will depend on Lithuania's good conduct. That means that the non-aggression pact will remain in force only so long as Lithuania fulfils her obligations towards Memel.

And who is to decide whether or not she fulfils her obligations except Herr Hitler himself?

All this is in keeping with Gauleiter Wagner's theory of international law: " Even if we have violated a treaty nobody has the right to condemn us. What profits Germany is Right. What harms Germany is Wrong. And what the Führer decides is Right for all time."

The French consider that Britain will inevitably help them in case of a German attack in the West, and that, in any case, there is no great danger of such an attack for the present. But the impression that Hitler has " got away with it," and that " treaty violation pays," has left the French with the unhappy feeling that the League and all that it stands for have suffered a serious setback. They are prepared to examine Hitler's peace proposals; only, in their view, these proposals are completely worthless unless they are embodied in an effective League system of " indivisible peace " and mutual assistance. That, according to the French, would be the main job for a World Conference. If the conference fails in this, it will mean the end—this time the final end—of the League, a feeble attempt to return to the pre-war system of alliances, and, ultimately, a free rein for Hitler in the East—to begin with.

There is just one more point. Mr. Wickham Steed and others have written in the French Left-wing press that England would have acted differently if Laval had supported sanctions against Italy more whole-heartedly. The question has given rise to some interesting discussion—and it is hard to say which opinion is the right one. There are some who agree with Mr. Steed; there are others who say that England would not have acted any differently now, whatever Laval had done in the past, and that Laval was a wise man not to have completely sacrificed Italy's friendship for England's " momentary imperialist whim " (to show that the Laval-versus-League argument carries no weight in England they point to the scarcity of references to Laval in the anti-French and pro-German utterances in the British press); lastly, there are those who say that however slow and reluctant (" for he knew what Germany was up to "), Laval nevertheless carried out his duty to the League, and went as far—not very far—as England would push him. There is perhaps a bit of truth in all three arguments.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, March 24th.

# IN THE RHINELAND

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT ON THE FRENCH SIDE OF THE FRONTIER]

" THE Germans have remilitarised the Rhineland and we have manned the Maginot line," many Alsatians and Lorrainers will say to one in almost triumphant tones, now that the first shock of March 7th is over and an international *détente* appears to have been achieved. Some of the less exposed provinces of France, unsupported by the essential fatalism of frontier peoples, were the most panic-stricken. One heard of villages where the women would not do their Monday's washing on March 9th—they preferred to leave dirty linen for the Germans—and in Longwy all the trunks and suitcases were rapidly sold out. But there were some anxious days in Strasbourg and Metz, too. People rushed to the savings banks, and in Strasbourg in the first few days 4,000,000 francs were taken out. Here, too, only the trunk-makers did any business; book-sellers complained that no one bought books and hôteliers that no one travelled. In Metz the shopkeepers lost the custom of the soldiers of the garrison—about a sixth of the whole population—who went to man the fortifications.

Strasbourg's position is peculiar, for the city is only some three kilometres from the Rhine frontier, and it lies now in a very bog of fortifications. If you drive from the town to the river, when you have passed the newly occupied barracks built by the Germans long before 1914, you find yourself in a wilderness of unobtrusive fortification; often you are only made aware of General Maginot because a couple of *poilus*—still *bleus* to-day—glare inquiringly from an obscure little dug-out. (Across the Rhine, your Alsatian friend will tell you, signs of the same sort of thing have long been visible.) But the fortifications stretch around and far behind Strasbourg, too, and the Strasbourgeois know that they would need to evacuate the moment war became imminent, if only because the town would be deprived of its food supplies.

It is probably inevitable that both experts and laymen should think of the next war in terms of the last. In Strasbourg people do not bother themselves about the danger from the air. In the last war, they were behind the German lines and not worth bombing. As for gas, they take that menace lightly, insisting that the wind nearly always blows from the west! Faith in the Maginot fortifications is great. People do not take the new demilitarisation proposals very seriously, nor the chance of an international guard. They are convinced that, promise what he may, Hitler will fortify his side of the frontier, and they look forward to a literal impasse—a kind of Chinese wall between France and Germany in case of war.

Politically, the chief importance of Germany's remilitarisation of the Rhineland lies in the fact that if Hitler one fine day sees fit to brush aside by Divine Right the treaty rights of Austria or Czechoslovakia the French will be paralysed; hitherto they could themselves have marched into the demilitarised zone. One cannot, however, regard Alsace-Lorraine as permanently safeguarded before the German drive, especially if aero-military science has more surprises up its sleeve. All the old Middle-Kingdom country, including also Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg and Switzerland can be

claimed by true believers in *Rassentheorie*. Every German, however correctly he wishes to speak, will sooner or later let slip the assertion that, after all, the inhabitants of all these countries or provinces are "really German," since they are often blond and speak a German dialect. In Nazi school-books published after Hitler became Chancellor one reads, for instance, that the French who took Alsace-Lorraine without holding a plebiscite were intent upon robbing Germany of her only raw material, the potash around Mulhouse. "The Alsatian is and remains German"; possibly, it is conceded, he was not keen to belong to Weimar Germany, but he will look more and more to the purified Germany of Hitler. . . .

Now the Alsatian may despise the French and curse their administrative inefficiency and over-centralisation. He may desire a local legislature; even the idea of independence on the Swiss model may sometimes attract him. Strasbourg is run with something of the open-handedness of a Swiss or German municipality. And it should be observed that Alsatians dislike Jews. But the great revolution of 1789 bound Alsace close to France; the tradition of 1789, blended in a curious way with the clericalism which insists upon the retention of the Concordat in Alsace and Lorraine alone, powerfully survives. Unlike the Swiss, the Alsatians have never shown themselves to be susceptible to Nazi propaganda. "We know the Germans and their bullying ways," they say, disdainfully. The Alsatians, unlike the English, do not forget what the Nazi system means, and since March 7th they have been reminded, it is said, by one or two deserters from the German Army who have swum across the Rhine because they could bear Germany no longer. In direct contradiction to the Nazi school-books the fact is that in Weimar days the federalism of Germany offered some attraction to Alsace, but Hitler's drastic centralisation and persecution of the Catholic Church have alienated the last sympathies of the Alsatians. As for Lorraine, one has only to compare the town of Metz with that of Strasbourg to see that there is even less room for German attraction. The citizens of Metz regard with tolerant amusement the overgrown neo-romanesque buildings planted among them by the Germans, and even the saint outside the cathedral who has the features of Kaiser Wilhelm II. Both Alsace and Lorraine may be said to approve the recent policy of the Sarraut Cabinet, and it is not thought that the election results in this part of France will register much change.

It is a startling experience, indeed, to travel only an hour in the train north from Metz into the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. From intensely fortified Alsace and Lorraine, one suddenly arrives among 300,000 people who dare to live between France and Germany with nothing but 300 soldiers and the dismantled fortifications of bygone centuries to protect them. In Luxembourg there seems to have been no panic at all after March 7th, though the people have the disagreeable recollection behind them of the German occupation from 1914 to 1918. Though the Luxembourgeois, also, dislike Jews, and though they suspect the Belgians of having tried to swallow their country in 1919, they are unanimously hostile to Germany. Their sympathies are definitely, though not uncritically, French. The Luxembourgeois, like the Alsatians, are democratic and individualist, and hitherto quite indifferent to the Nordic call to arms. They have a further strength against propagandists, that they are without social distress; for this little paradise is not only completely disarmed, it is also without unemployment. Thus it seems to live in a world of its own, and while the rest of Europe is obsessed with the fear of oncoming war the Luxembourgeois refuse to believe in the danger, even though they are now to live with the German Army on their doorstep.

There is, however, an undercurrent of resentment and distrust both in Lorraine and Luxembourg, and not only on the Left, against the iron kings who, undisturbed by Hitler's latest coup, are busily supplying Germany with iron for her rearmament. In Luxembourg German coke and coal are used to work iron ore, which, though about 20 per cent. is indigenous, mostly comes from Lorraine. The biggest Luxembourg concern has works in Lorraine and also a big furnace in the Saar. Luxembourg is, moreover, governed largely by people associated with the iron industry. No one accuses these people of trifling with the independence of their country, but it has to be remembered that, after Belgium, Luxembourg's partner in a customs union, Germany is Luxembourg's biggest customer. With her heavy industry entanglements, Luxembourg, however un-Nazi her people may be, has thus a considerable interest in the Nazi regime, and the Luxembourg industrialists were appalled by French talk of applying sanctions to Germany. Luxembourg is, however, so deeply involved with France and Belgium that one may hope that she creates an international focus which inhibits conflict more effectually than her example inspires disarmament.

E. W.

Luxembourg, March 22nd.

# A LONDON DIARY

WALKING in the streets in the neighbourhood of the Albert Hall after the dispersal of the meeting in Thurloe Square on Sunday night, I found people in a state of furious indignation. They were not politically minded people who had come for the meeting, but casual spectators who had seen for the first time in their lives a public meeting charged by mounted police and entirely unoffending citizens severely knocked about, and sometimes arrested with a good deal of violence, for no obvious reason. A friend of mine who was not part of any anti-Fascist demonstration but a mere spectator heard two police constables talking. One said that he wished "that we could treat this crowd like we did the Germans in 1914." My friend asked whether they thought that the right way of treating a London crowd. The policeman replied that he was talking to his colleague and my friend retorted that he had overheard the remark and would report it. I do not suggest that that is typical of the attitude of the London police. Indeed, most of the foot constables appear to have behaved with their usual skill and decency. But I have before me the written testimony of some forty observers—most of them people with no axe to grind at all—who agree that the mounted police acted as if orderly London citizens could be knocked over with staves, pushed over or trampled on by horses without anybody having the right to complain. Complaints were treated with contempt. I think there is no doubt at all that apart from police interference the meeting in Thurloe Square would have passed completely quietly and that these police tactics are raising an entirely new spirit amongst the London population, which has hitherto had a friendly attitude towards the police and which, in so far as I could judge, was horrified to find them behaving in a way which seemed illegal, provocative and totally unnecessary.

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Inside the Albert Hall the interruptions were frequent but rather feeble. One man after another stood up and said, "Fascism means war" or something of that kind. In each case he was set upon by a number of Blackshirts and thrown out, sometimes with unnecessary violence. The technique of chucking out has certainly greatly improved since the brutal knuckle-duster tactics which made the Olympia demonstration hideous. Some of the interrupters were, however, seriously hurt, and one man, who is still in St. George's Hospital, was on the danger list for some hours after being thrown out. At the beginning of the meeting, Sir Oswald announced that arrangements had been made between the Fascists and the police to have interrupters handed into custody after they were ejected. But the police seem not, in fact, to have arrested any interrupter, and one policeman who was questioned on the subject laughed at the idea that they should do so. The Fascists seem to have a peculiar grudge against the press. During the lull following one of Sir Oswald's outbursts against the Jews, a Fascist official near the press table (on which, by the way, there were

large empty spaces reserved for "the Italian press" and "the German press") was heard to shout in anger, "You reporters take that down, damn you!" An odd incident which has not been generally reported was the attempted display in one of the boxes of a banner draped by four young Catholic women, needless to say unconnected with any Communist organisation, denouncing the treatment of Catholics by the Nazis in Germany.

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What troubled me most about the meeting was the deterioration of Sir Oswald Mosley. He now models his oratory on Hitler's technique. He used once to be interested in reasoned argument and although I never agreed with his economics, they were worth taking seriously. But on Sunday he tried the Führer's revivalist trick. The musicians would describe it as "canonic form"—the announcement of a theme followed by the same theme over and over again in different keys till all are woven together in a single humming texture. Its effect is to produce the maximum of passion and the minimum of thought. It is best described as ju-ju. The climax of Sir Oswald's speech was a terrific and indiscriminate denunciation of the Jewish people. Two years ago Sir Oswald was above this. His wife, Lady Cynthia, was herself partly Jewish and a singularly sincere, simple and charming person. Sir Oswald used to have many good friends among cultivated Jews. Yet on Sunday night he boasted that while there had been no anti-Semitic movement in England a few years ago, it was now large and rapidly increasing. Sir Oswald is, of course, stimulated to play on this theme by its popularity with a number of unthinking middle-class people. It was terrible to see how delighted they were at every abusive reference to the Jews; the extent of their unreason can be judged by the fact that there were hisses and yells of "Jew" at the mention of the names not only of Sir Philip Sassoon, but also of Mr. D. N. Pritt and Sir Thomas Inskip, both of whom are, I believe, as Aryan as I or Sir Oswald Mosley. People who complain that it is unwise to give Sir Oswald publicity by counter-demonstrations should remember that with the example of Nazi Germany in front of them and the memory of recent attacks on the Jews in the East End, it is inevitable that the deliberate cultivation of anti-Semitism should lead to demonstrations on the other side. In answer to a question the other day in the House of Commons on recent anti-Semitic activities in the East End, Sir John Simon very properly pointed out that:

> a man is breaking the law if, with regard to any section of the community, he uses language of injury, abuse and provocation to such an extent that he is in fact encouraging people themselves to be violent or to behave without respect to the rights of those whom he attacks.

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Looking through the papers recently I have been impressed with the difficulties of a policeman's job. I do not mean only on the gala occasions when the orders are to disperse crowds and, if necessary, break heads. I refer to the ordinary dark night in mean streets when there is nothing heroic to do and no chance of earning a good mark except perhaps by preventing a felony which the magistrate may or may not think was intended. If the man is poor and has no home of his own and shows a suspicious interest in other people's homes the magistrates will usually say that the arrest was justified and will often convict. But you can never be sure. I've noticed a lot of cases recently where the magistrates have dismissed charges of "loitering with intent" on the simple ground that there was no evidence. At Sutton Juvenile Court, for instance, a lad was charged because a policeman saw him look at several bicycles and finally run off. The magistrate accepted the boy's story that he was waiting for some friends outside a cinema and ran instead of walking home because it was a cold night. Boys have to be careful as well as policemen. Then there were some railway workers charged at Rye Lane, Peckham, with loitering in two shop doorways. When arrested they were "defiant" and "refused to be searched," but as there was no evidence against them the magistrates let them go with a caution not to be "saucy." A gardener, aged fifty-six, whose address was a Salvation Army Hostel was charged at Amherst Road, Hackney, with being a suspected person. He had a pair of shears and said he was looking for work. Apparently that was just what he was doing; anyway the magistrate took a lenient view. Another man was charged at Bow Street with trying the door of a car and trying to get on to a window-sill at a theatre. The magistrate decided that he was interested in chorus girls, not in theft. In another case the magistrate at Clerkenwell thought the evidence a "bit too thin" when three men were charged because they "peered" into cars. A labourer of no fixed abode was charged with loitering with intent at Epsom. He said the reason why he "went by the side of an empty house" was because he wanted to make a note of a place to sleep when it was warmer. He too was dismissed with a caution. And so the list goes on. Moral: don't be shabby or out of work, and if you are, move on quickly. Otherwise a conscientious constable is bound to be suspicious about your views on private property. Sometimes the magistrate will believe you. Sometimes he won't. The risk is not worth taking.

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Lord Rothermere's *Sunday Dispatch* of the 22nd said, under the heading of "Fleet Street's Suggestion," that:

> the proposed international force (English and Italians) in the Rhineland was suggested to Eden by G. Ward Price, of the *Daily Mail* and *Sunday Dispatch*.

The *Daily Mail* of Tuesday 24th said:

> In the light of these facts it is amazing that the Locarno Powers should have put forward seriously the proposal to intermingle British and Italian detachments for the purpose of patrolling the German side of the frontier.

and

> From all quarters comment is heard on the ridiculous proposal of the Locarno Powers that Italy, smarting under the imposition of sanctions, should be asked to provide troops to act alongside British troops in policing the Rhine, with all the accompanying dangers of friction.

CRITIC

## THIS ENGLAND

**Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to L. B. Duckworth.**

**All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.**

I hate harrowing plays. *Love on the Dole* made me cry with rage—to think that one of the greatest of arts had been used to upset people so.—Evelyn Millard, woman dramatist in an interview in *The Era*.

Pressure on space was so great that Miss Diana Mills, in evening dress, had to be content with a seat in the part of the club reserved for visitors in day clothes.—*Evening Standard*.

Nearly one hundred suggestions for the form of the national memorial to King George have been received by the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Percy Vincent. They include the following: A statue of King George on the summit of a column "at least 100 ft. higher than any existing building in the British Empire."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Defects in national education are chiefly responsible for shortage of recruits. Religious education condemning preparation for war as being inconsistent with Christ's teaching creates a moral conscience of predominating influence.—Letter in *Daily Mail*.

A reference to the soothing and unifying power of music was made by Mr. William Whitelaw, chairman of the L.N.E.R., speaking at a choral concert given by the L.N.E.R. Edinburgh Choir in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, last night. Mr. Whitelaw remarked that there was a great and important conference sitting in London at present, with people of different nations, who found it almost impossible to believe in the faith and good intentions and the possible friendship of the other.

If only that conference of representatives of France and Germany and other nations could just stand up and sing for half an hour, they would find it easier to work for the peace and harmony of the world, said Mr. Whitelaw, amid applause.—*Scotsman*.

# TOURISM AND WORLD RECOVERY

THE international tourist traffic has been one of the principal victims of the world economic crisis. Before the war, it was broadly true that a man with money in the bank could travel in civilised countries practically wherever he liked with the minimum of formality. There was no difficulty about changing his money into any currency he wanted at a recognised and stable rate of exchange, or about changing it back again, or carrying money to and fro across national frontiers. In the good old days, travel was free—in the sense that only poverty prevented people from going about the world pretty much as they chose.

That splendid freedom never came back after 1914. Ever since then travel has been obstructed by a mass of what the French call *paperasserie*. Passports and visas, and fees for obtaining them, increased and multiplied; and customs officials presented travellers with more and more unintelligible bills, often including mysterious charges which varied according to the nationality of the traveller as well as the provenance of his luggage. Residence taxes, special taxes on motor cars, and a host of other restrictions made themselves felt as deterrents to the voyager.

Worst of all, however, in the years immediately after the war, was the currency trouble, which caused tourist traffic to fluctuate wildly as travellers sought out those countries in which the depreciation of money was not fully reflected in the level of internal prices, and the countries with the "soundest" monetary systems often became almost prohibitively expensive except to the rich. By 1929 most people thought that difficulties of that sort were nearly over; had not all the leading countries at last stabilised their currencies on a gold basis? But the world crisis soon made mock of these ideas. Currencies came unstuck again from gold, one after another; and to currency instability was added the new vexation of countless national restrictions on the right to move money about. Countries, alarmed over their "balances of payment," set to work to restrict the taking abroad of the national money, or its conversion into foreign exchange, until for the citizens of some States foreign travel became a privilege only to be enjoyed by political favour, and even so to be engaged in—without evasion of the law—only on lines of strict economy dictated by the rationing of the amount of money allowed to be taken abroad.

Quite apart from these restrictions, the world economic depression struck the tourist traffic a decisive blow. In 1929 the citizens of the United States are estimated to have spent $868,000,000 on foreign travel. In 1934 they spent only $187,000,000. In 1929 France received gold $392,000,000 from foreign tourists; in 1933 she received only gold $117,000,000. Whereas before the depression France could meet the bulk of her adverse balance of trade out of tourist receipts, she can do so now only by restricting imports so drastically as to wipe out most of that adverse balance. Some countries, moreover, have been hit even harder than France, because they have been used to depend on foreign tourists for a larger part of their national incomes. There are unfortunately no figures for recent years for either Austria or Switzerland, which have been among the principal sufferers. But there is not the smallest doubt of the heavy fall in these countries' buying power over foreign commodities which their loss of tourist receipts has involved. In the case of Italy, despite energetic measures to attract tourists, receipts fell from gold $137,000,000 in 1929 to gold $59,000,000 in 1932.

Or take the opposite case of Germany, which used to be a great exporter of tourists to all parts of Europe. In 1929 Germans spent over gold $71,000,000 on foreign travel. In 1933 they spent $23,000,000, and since then the expenditure has fallen further still. General Göring can go hunting in Poland as often as he likes; but the ordinary German, even if he be politically unsuspect, does not find it easy, even if he is rich, to go gadding abroad. To begin with, he can only take with him freely RM 10 per person in money, or, with special permission "in urgent cases," up to RM 50 more, per calendar month of absence. To a few countries with which special Conventions exist, he can take, with permission, up to RM 500 per month; but these countries do not include either Great Britain or France. Germany makes great efforts to attract tourists from abroad by means of the *Reisemark*, which is obtainable at a considerable discount on the official rate of exchange. But she confers no corresponding privileges on her own nationals who wish to fare forth into the world.

These crippling restrictions in Germany and in other countries are part of the mechanism of foreign exchange control built up to protect the national currency. But they are not wholly economic measures. They have often a political motive as well, since in the new, nationalistic Europe foreign travel is widely held to be politically dangerous unless it is kept under careful control. It is dangerous for persons used to dictatorship to be allowed to travel freely in democratic countries, lest they acquire a taste for democracy or spread unfavourable news about their dictators in foreign parts. If they must travel at all, a "swap" of tourists between neighbouring dictatorships is politically safer than an unregulated freedom for men to go where they will.

It is doubtful if even the lifting of the world depression in all countries, or the solution of the currency problem, would give back more than a narrowly regulated freedom of movement to the citizens of the dictatorship States. It would, however, compel even these countries to relax their restrictions to a considerable extent. Even tourist traffic from Great Britain, where no special restrictions have been imposed since the depression, was halved between 1930 and 1934; and receipts from foreign tourists in Great Britain fell almost in the same proportion. Despite the *paperasserie*, tourist traffic would revive a great deal if there were no real economic difficulties in its way.

Apart from the social and cultural reasons, which are too evident to need stressing, there are very strong economic reasons for wishing the tourist traffic to revive. *Le tourisme* has been, for a long time past, a vitally important item in the balance sheet of international payments. Until the citizens of the United States voyage over the world at least as actively as they did in 1929, the American banking system is bound to go on swallowing up the world's gold; the commodity trade between the United States and Europe is not in the least likely to balance. Until Switzerland regains its old position as a tourist centre for those of moderate means as well as for the rich, exports to Switzerland are bound to remain at a low level, and depression in the country is bound to be severe. Until the question of the French currency is settled one way or another, at least for some time to come, French tourist receipts will stay low, and the vicious circle of import restrictions which keep up the cost of living and further depress the tourist traffic will be impossible to break.

Can anything be done? At long last, the Economic Committee of the League of Nations has made a beginning of dealing with the question, by issuing a special report upon "the tourist traffic considered as an international economic factor."* Most of the facts mentioned in this article are taken from this League report, which embodies both a competent survey of the problem and a certain number of concrete suggestions. The suggestions, however, do not go very far. They concern largely the reduction of the endless *paperasserie* which at present obstructs international movement, the scaling down or abolition of fees for passports, visas, and other necessary documents, and the simplification of customs formalities and the elimination of vexatious charges on tourists' goods. They include special proposals for making international road travel easier, among them the abolition of the international driving permit, and the lessening of the formalities over the taking of motor cars across national frontiers.

All these suggestions are good and useful, and should be

* Survey of Tourist Traffic considered as an international economic problem. League of Nations: Economic Committee. Geneva 1936. No price given.

acted on promptly by the League Powers. But, when all is said, the real revival of tourism depends chiefly on two things —American recovery and the decline of the nationalist spirit in dictatorial Europe. Before the depression the Americans spent more on foreign travel than the citizens of all the other leading countries together; so that America matters more than all the League Powers put together. But if we want American travel to revive, we must put the least possible obstacles in its way; and that is where the suggestions in the League Report come in.

As for the dictators, it can hardly be hoped that they will change their spots. For the intellectual isolation of the people is the dictator's strongest weapon. But the less restrictions on travel the more democratic countries impose and the harder they press for reciprocal concessions, the more unpopular dictators who block the free movement of their subjects are likely to become. Visas have gone already, between a considerable number of countries. Has not the time come, in most of the leading League countries, to ask that passports shall go too, and travel be made at least as free, apart from monetary difficulties, as it was in 1914? Such a gesture would strengthen the League, and do at least something in the cause of international understanding and world peace.

# LITTLE ARTHUR

I DO not think I cared much for English history as a child; and I have sometimes wondered whether the fault was mine or that of *Little Arthur's History*. *Little Arthur* was a book obviously addressed to children, and many children, myself once among them, do not like being addressed as children. I preferred, for example, the ordinary Bible to *The Child's Bible*. I had a strong objection to being treated as though I were about five years younger than I actually was. Even *Little Arthur* had its good points, however. It had a memorable picture of King Charles I's last hours with his children—a picture that makes it almost impossible for anyone who has seen it ever to become an out-and-out Cromwellian. It also gave me my first introduction to King Alfred and the cakes, to the death of Harold, to the thrilling murder of Thomas à Becket and the King's penitence, to such noble names as Richard Coeur de Lion and the Black Prince, to the murder of the Princes in the Tower, to Henry VIII and his Bluebeard way with wives. But the part of history that lay between one of these exciting names or episodes and another scarcely interested me. I cared nothing for the Witenagemot and not much for the Spanish Armada, and most of the kings seemed no great shakes.

Hence I grew up with none of that ardent affection for *Little Arthur* to which Mr. C. E. Lawrence confesses in his introduction to the centenary edition of the book (Murray, 3*s.* 6*d.*). "I remember," writes Mr. Lawrence, "the shock I had when, in 1880, I discovered that my own treasured copy had been given to the local hospital with the compliments of the dishonest donor." I certainly should not have grudged my copy to the local hospital, and I should not have minded throwing in two or three *Nelson's Royal Readers* as makeweight.

Yet, looking at the book fifty years later, I can see that the author, Lady Callcott, is a very charming person. She likes nearly everybody whom it is possible to like. She has a good word for the Britons and a better word for the Romans who beat the Britons. She is sorry for anybody who is hurt (and, in the course of English history, a considerable number of people have been hurt). She always condemns cruelty, and yet somehow leaves one with the impression that, in the long run, all has been for the best. Consider, for example, what the Britons gained from being conquered by the Romans. "They left off staining their skin with the juice of plants, and began to wash themselves, and to keep their hair neat, and even to put on ornaments like the Romans."

Lady Callcott evidently regarded tidy hair as one of the prime tests of civilisation. The shocking condition of the hair of the Irish about the time when Queen Elizabeth made war on them had made a deep impression on her. "The people," we are told, "lived like wild savages, and even a good many of the English who had settled there wore the coarse Irish dress, used bows and arrows, and let their hair grow filthy and matted, more like the wild Britons you read of in the first chapter than like Christian gentlemen."

At the same time, Lady Callcott is perfectly aware that there are other sins besides keeping the hair untidy. There is the sin of gluttony, for example, of which King Henry I died. "I must," she observes to little Arthur, "tell you the cause of his death; for I think it is a good lesson to all of us. He had been told by the physicians that he ought not to eat too much, but one day a favourite dish was brought to his table (I have read that it was potted lampreys), and he ate such a quantity that it made him ill, and he died, after he had been king for thirty-five years." Little Arthur might have retorted that gluttony cannot be so dangerous a vice after all, if it took so long as that to kill King Henry. Lady Callcott, however, is an apostle of moderation in all things, as we see from her commendation of Henry II: "King Henry loved hunting very well, but he was too wise to hunt much." Anything in the nature of excess was antipathetic to her. In Richard Coeur de Lion's passion for crusading she sees something reprehensible rather than romantic. "Many people," she declares, "praise and admire Richard of the Lion's Heart because he was so brave and hardy in war. For my part, I should have liked him better if he had thought a little more about taking care of his own country, and if he had stayed in it and done justice to his people, and encouraged them to be good and industrious as his wise father did." And yet there are many modern critics who accuse the school histories of inculcating false ideas of glory into children and of setting military adventure above exalting the arts of peace!

The truth is, Lady Callcott is a moralist, and even a king has to be on his best behaviour in order to escape her censure. Thus, she sets out by praising King Edward I, but, having praised him, prepares us for a castigation of the bad side of his character with a paragraph that runs: "We will end this chapter here, while we can praise King Edward I—who was, as I told you, wise and brave, and very handsome; but people used to call him Longshanks, because his legs were rather too long." Then she trounces him unmercifully for his cruelties to the Welsh and the Scots, though to one story of his cruelty she adds the kindly comment: "I hope it is not true."

It may be, however, that some of these humane comments are the work of Mr. C. E. Lawrence, who has slightly revised the text in order to bring it level with the conclusions of modern scholarship. I have tried in vain to get hold of an early edition of *Little Arthur*, as I should have liked to know whether it was Lady Callcott who wrote that there was no absolute proof of the murder of the Princes by Richard III. Mr. Lawrence admits that he has removed the word "Bloody" which Lady Callcott, like most other people, prefixed to the name of Queen Mary, and that he has done so from a sense of justice as well as from a feeling that "the word . . . was one that never was or could be suited to the ears and lips of children." In putting forward his second reason, Mr. Lawrence is surely flying in the face of some of the most advanced theories of education. What was pure enough for the lips of Lady Callcott ought to be pure enough for the ears of an unrepressed infant of the twentieth century. I doubt whether I should have sacrificed the adjective even to justice. I like my Mary bloody as I like my Richard crookbacked. That was the only sort of history I ever did like as a child. I should leave justice to people in their teens. Not that I object to a touch of mercy as in the summing-up of Mary's character: "Only over religion was she really bitter or cruel, and during much of her early life she had been very unkindly treated, so that her mind was warped."

To Henry VIII, alas! little mercy is shown. "This

wicked King Henry," he is called, and we are told that "the thing that showed Henry's badness more than any other was his ordering Sir Thomas More's head to be cut off." After enumerating other heads cut off by Henry's orders, Lady Callcott dismisses the subject by observing to little Arthur: "I dare say you are tired of reading of so much wickedness. I am sure I am tired of writing it." If she had known little Arthur, I feel confident she would have realised that his interest in the wickedness of King Henry had just begun to warm up.

Lady Callcott, however, had the sensitiveness of a refined woman. She could scarcely bear, even, to tell the story of Mary Queen of Scots. "I cannot tell you," she confessed to little Arthur, "all the things that happened to Mary Queen of Scots in England. But I must say that I wish she had never come. . . . At last—I could almost cry when I tell you of it—the beautiful and clever, and very unhappy Queen of Scots was ordered to be beheaded!"

Not that Lady Callcott takes sides passionately in these ancient controversies. She can point out the faults of Charles I in one sentence: "Charles who, as I told you, had been very badly brought up by his father, desired the Parliament to give him money in a very haughty manner." At the same time, she can indignantly denounce the betrayal of the King by the Scots. "You will hardly believe," she tells little Arthur, "that these mean Scots actually sold the King to the English Parliament; but they did so." Having shed a tear for "the poor King," however, she goes on to be just to Cromwell. "I must say," she remarks of him, "that he used his power well." Not so King Charles II. "It was not long before he neglected all the good and old friends of his father or of the people, and began to keep company with a number of gay men, who were always laughing and making jokes when they were seen; but they gave the King bad advice in secret."

At a later stage, the French Revolutionists receive even less mercy. "A number of bad people seized the Government in Paris. . . . I believe the French Revolution did more wicked things in three years than any other nation had done in three hundred up to that time. The name of the most wicked of all was Robespierre."

The new edition of *Little Arthur*, which Mr. Lawrence has brought down to the beginning of the present reign, has undoubtedly an old-world charm. Parents and grandparents who hated it at school will be able to enjoy it now.

Y. Y.

# Correspondence

## POLICE AND PUBLIC

[We print below a few specimen letters from a large number received on this subject.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—We feel it our duty to bring to your notice a certain aspect of the disturbances which occurred in the neighbourhood of the Albert Hall last Sunday night.

We were present, as observers, at a meeting which took place at the corner of Alfred Place and Thurloe Square—a meeting which impressed us by its orderliness and common discipline. Into this meeting, without any apparent warning, rode some half-dozen mounted policemen, using their batons indiscriminately on a defenceless and pacific crowd, which was at that moment being addressed by a minister of the Church. Not men only, but women fell under the baton-blows and the rush of the horses—such a sight as we have never before witnessed.

Two particular incidents are worthy of mention:

(*a*) The striking of a press-photographer, and his subjection to most insulting language by two mounted policemen, who threatened to take away his camera.

(*b*) The sight of an elderly woman, unable to move in the crowd, who was seized round the neck by an unmounted constable, and then hurled against some iron railings.

We are forced to view with concern the unwarranted brutality shown by the police on this occasion—strangely different from the traditionally friendly attitude of the London "Bobby." An account of these incidents, and the identity numbers of the police concerned, is being forwarded to the proper authorities.

NORMAN MACDONALD (London Hospital)
S. DAVIDSON (Guy's Hospital)
KATHARINE MUNRO

Hampstead, N.W.3.

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SIR,—I was an eye-witness of the events near the Albert Hall on Sunday night and on two occasions—first, at about 7.30 p.m. at the northern end of Exhibition Road, and then, at about 10.30 p.m. in Knightsbridge—I saw mounted police without warning roughly set upon and chase people who were not in a procession nor densely crowded and certainly not showing any desire to obstruct the police or to disobey requests to move on. It seemed to me that the degree of violence used by the mounted police was entirely unwarranted in view of the quiet and orderly behaviour of the crowd and it was clear to me that, on these occasions, unprovoked action by the police resulted in danger to life and limb and might have caused serious panic.

IRÈNE MARCOUSÉ

46 Bernard Street,
London, W.C.1.

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SIR,—I have been surprised that in the many statements and comments that have appeared in the press about the Albert Hall meeting, practically nothing has been said about the conduct of the police inside the Hall.

I was in the gallery during most of the evening and witnessed the usual assaults upon unresisting interrupters, but the astonishing fact was that the police were actively helping the Blackshirts and making no apparent effort to restrain their assaults.

Anyone interrupting a meeting of Sir Oswald Mosley's knows what to expect, but surely the presence of the police entitles him to expect that force will not be used unless it is necessary.

DENNIS GORDON

Kingston-on-Thames,
Surrey.

## JOHN STRACHEY'S STATEMENT

SIR,—A number of persons associated with the Labour Movement published an appeal for a protest meeting on the occasion of the Fascist demonstration at the Albert Hall on Sunday, March 22nd, and in particular against the repeated letting of the hall to the British Union of Fascists, and its refusal to anti-Fascist organisations. The appeal asked members of the public to assemble for an open-air meeting in the Exhibition Road, and contingents consisting of members of various organisations of the Labour Movement proposed to march to that place.

On March 17th I received a letter from the Metropolitan Police informing me that the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis had given directions that no formed processions would be permitted to approach within half a mile of the Albert Hall, and that no meetings would be permitted within that area.

As the meeting-place had already been publicly announced on numerous occasions, we considered that it would cause confusion to attempt to announce another meeting-place. Accordingly, on the evening of Sunday, March 22nd, the procession marched to within half a mile of the Albert Hall, where they found police cordons. They then dispersed in accordance with the instructions of the police. The meeting in the Exhibition Road had been announced for 8 o'clock. At about 7.30 I found a considerable number of persons in the Exhibition Road awaiting the meeting. The mounted police were clearing the top, or northern end, of the road. I approached a police officer, who appeared to be directing operations, and suggested to him that we should announce that the meeting would take place near South Kensington Underground Station. He refused to take any notice of the question. We then announced to the crowd that the meeting would be held near South Kensington Underground Station. The crowd followed us down the Exhibition Road.

We considered that Thurloe Square was the best meeting-place outside the half-mile area prohibited by the police. Accordingly, we went there and opened the meeting at the junction of Alfred Place and Thurloe Square, speaking from the back of a lorry. A crowd, which has been variously estimated by the press at 1,500 and 5,000, but which was, in my view, nearer the lower figure, quickly assembled.

The meeting began soon after 8 o'clock. It was addressed by myself, Mr. McLennon, Mr. Willis, and the Rev. Leonard Schiff. As chairman of the meeting, I described its purpose. I advised

the audience to make no attempt to go to the vicinity of the Albert Hall. I stated that the purpose of the present meeting was to put a constructive case against Fascism, and to signalise the fact that we could not allow the repeated letting of the Albert Hall to the British Union of Fascists, and its refusal to anti-Fascist organisations, to pass without some form of public protest. I listened carefully to the speakers who followed me. They spoke on much the same lines, while giving in addition an account of the international situation from an anti-Fascist standpoint, pointing out the danger of war, etc., etc. I can testify that nothing which could possibly be construed as an incitement to a breach of the peace, and nothing of a seditious character, was said at the meeting. The meeting was of a perfectly orderly, and indeed tranquil character.

At about 9 o'clock, when the Rev. Leonard Schiff was addressing the meeting, I observed that a line of mounted police had been drawn across the far end of Alfred Place. Very soon afterwards these mounted police charged the crowd at the trot, forcing their horses into the middle of the crowd. They were followed by a number of foot police. As soon as the mounted police were well inside the crowd, they drew their staves and began beating all those members of the public who were within their reach upon the head and shoulders. I then observed that the foot police had also drawn their staves, and were also using them on those members of the public whom they could reach. The crowd dispersed very rapidly, making no resistance whatever to the police.

The speakers and myself remained on the lorry. As soon as the crowd dispersed, the police rode or walked away without speaking to us. We then drove the lorry into the Cromwell Road and got down from it.

No warning was sent to me as chairman of the meeting, nor to any of the speakers, by the police. There would have been no difficulty in sending a police officer to us to inform us that in their view we were causing an obstruction, or doing something which they considered was likely to lead to a breach of the peace. But no such warning was sent.

JOHN STRACHEY

## THE LEGALITY OF LOCARNO

SIR,—The Hague Court is to decide whether the Franco-Soviet Pact is in accordance with Locarno. The judges are pretty certain to say "Yes," for the Pact is beautifully dovetailed into the League Covenant. But while they are about it they might be asked whether Locarno itself is consonant with the Covenant. In that case they would be bound to answer "No."

Here is the crux. League States are bound by the Covenant "in no case to resort to war" until three months after they have gone through a procedure of peaceful settlement, by arbitration, judicial settlement, or Council inquiry. (Article 12.) There is no exception to this rule. To plead self-defence as a pretext for hostilities is, as Sir Austen Chamberlain told Greece in 1925, to offer an affront to civilisation. Since under the Covenant we cannot go to war in our own defence without appealing to neutral arbitrament, *a fortiori*, we cannot go to war in defence of another State.

Article 4 of Locarno contains a flat contradiction to this obligation. Paragraph 2 may be interpreted as a covert procedure, according to League rules. The signatories agree, after a finding by the League Council, to "come immediately to the assistance of the Power" against whom the Covenant decides that a violation of the Treaty is directed. This process has been gone through over the Rhineland. The "assistance" is not defined; it might be military or not.

Paragraph 3 is another story. Each of the parties "undertakes immediately to come to the help" of the party against whom a flagrant violation has been directed, as soon as each guarantor has satisfied itself that the violation "constitutes an unprovoked act of aggression." Aggression is defined as the crossing of the frontier, or the outbreak of hostilities, or the assembly of armed forces in the demilitarised zone.

The Council of the League is also to meet, and issue its findings, and the parties agree to abide by them. That means, with Western Europe locked in conflict, the remaining Council States may say, "Change sides!" and Britain and Italy are to change sides. A likely story!

Now it is perfectly clear that the pledge to go immediately to the aid of the victim of aggression cannot be fulfilled without violating the Covenant obligation to wait for three months. Moreover, all engagements inconsistent with the Covenant are invalid under Article 20.

There is another snag in the clause. It makes the assembly of armed forces in the demilitarised zone a test of aggression. But no reading of the Covenant can do so. The Covenant envisages resort to war in violation of the pledge to accept peaceful settlement (Article 16), and external aggression against the territorial integrity or political independence of the victim (Article 10), as the occasions for collective action.

The painful situation thus arises. Germany has assembled troops in the demilitarised zone. Britain and Italy are bound by Locarno to go immediately to the aid of Belgium and France. But if we invade Germany in company with France we violate Article 12 of the Covenant. More than that, we are certainly resorting to war, and probably attacking Germany's territorial integrity. By the Covenant, sanctions ought to be applied to us.

There is, in fact, an unholy muddle in our obligations. Surely the time has come to replace Locarno, which was a transition treaty, half-way between Versailles and the Covenant. We might offer Hitler a reformed security treaty, to include Germany, Russia and their European neighbours. If Germany refuses that, it would be time to consider a security and non-aggression pact including Russia and without Germany. We should propose to Germany co-operation on a just basis, consistent with the Covenant, or encirclement.

P. W.

[Hitler might no doubt have made a good legal case against Locarno in spite of the fact that it has been accepted as legal for eight years. But he has refused to submit this or anything else to the Hague, declaring that he would never allow Germany to be dragged through the courts of Europe. All arguments of legality are beside the point since he takes the extreme view of sovereignty which denies the right of any court to settle any dispute between nations.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

## FOUR SHILLINGS

SIR,—In your issue of last week there appeared an interesting article entitled "Four Shillings," describing the dietary in certain mental hospitals. The writer, Alderman Emil Davies, says this diet has been carefully chosen and costs only about 4*s*. per head per week, everything being bought at contract prices. He points out how great is the difference between this sum and the amount that such a diet would cost the housewife buying individually and in small quantities.

I am no authority on dietetics, but I should like to point out three ways in which this diet appears to me unsatisfactory for working-class households, even if they could afford to purchase it as in millions of cases they cannot.

1. There is no butter, but only margarine for cooking and eating on all seven days of the week.
2. During the two weeks in March for which the dietary is given, green vegetable and fruit each occurs once only in each week.
3. The evening meal consists of tea, bread and margarine with cake or jam (cake twice a week only). This is a poor meal to come after possibly five hours of work since dinner and before the evening's activities with no more food until the next morning.

It seems to follow that a diet can be scientifically correct and sufficient in calories and yet both unattractive and unsatisfying in practice.

CLARA D. RACKHAM

Cambridge.

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SIR,—With reference to Mr. Emil Davies' article on the possibilities of communal feeding at 4*s*. 7*d*. per head per week, I visited one of our famous public schools a year ago, and was conducted over the kitchens. This school has experienced acute financial problems since the war, as it admits an unusually large number of foundation scholars at very reduced fees. It solved them by calling in a bursar with unusual experience of mass catering, and he now feeds the boys at a cost of 1*s*. per head per day, i.e., 7*s*. per boy per week. The dietary has been approved by eminent experts, and from my brief experience of a week-end visit it is perfectly satisfactory both in amount and tastiness.

A great deal of corroborative evidence must be in the possession of those large employers who operate factory canteens for thousands of workers. The natural conclusion is that most artisan families could live much better and far more cheaply under a communal system of feeding.

B. H. DAVIES

St. Barnabas Vicarage,
Brassey Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.

## WAYWARD YOUTH

SIR,—As a student of psychology, I was deeply interested in Dr. Harry Roberts' review of *Wayward Youth*, by August Aichhorn.

His able and fair-minded commentary leaves little room for disagreement. Yet his references to the cases of sublimation cited by Dr. Aichhorn, raise an interesting question.

How much is a cure due to the " application of psycho-analytic theory " and how much to the personal qualities of the physician ? I agree with Dr. Roberts that more than is usually conceded by psychologists is due to the latter. Indeed, does not " personality and common sense " play a large part in all forms of education and re-education ?

But is Dr. Aichhorn's explanation, of how a seventeen-year-old youth was cured of homosexual cravings by being put to work in making men's clothes, so very strange or ludicrous ? I think not !

We have the male dressmaker ! How often, and obviously, he is a man with homosexual leanings. The youth mentioned by Dr. Aichhorn would have, had he followed his instincts, preferred to make women's clothes. If, however, he desired to resist his homosexual cravings—which I assume he did—this fact, in addition to the satisfaction derived from the mere making of clothes—in itself something of a feminine occupation—would partly satisfy his craving, and a cure might quite easily have been scientifically effected.

I know of an interesting case of a boy of twelve, who suffered from kleptomania. In other respects he was a model boy—truthful and serious-minded. A complete cure was brought about in the following way.

It was discovered that the satisfaction derived from taking other people's property was not in the acquisition of the articles—for after the act of confiscation he showed no further interest in them. The performance of a surreptitious act without being detected seemed to be the sole object.

An interest in birds' eggs was inculcated in the boy. He became an enthusiastic and intrepid collector of birds' eggs. No tree was too high or difficult to climb ; his patience was inexhaustible in the pursuit of some unusual nest, and his cunning in finding them became uncanny. Unnecessarily so !

His craving for stealthy and secret behaviour was temporarily satisfied. Without doubt the egg mania kept him out of mischief while his conscious mind was in process of developing moral sense and strength.

For on reaching the age when looking for eggs no longer appealed to him he stopped the hunt and, happy to say, his propensity for taking other people's property never returned.

RAYMOND HENNIKER-HEATON

Burlington Fine Arts Club, W.1.

## TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

SIR,—In his notice of my play, *Toussaint L'Ouverture*, your dramatic critic found space for the following sentence : " There is room for another play about the horrors which ensued under the tyranny of Christophe, who here is shown as quite an amiable man." Doubtless there is room for many plays. This particular play which he suggests might, however, have an opposite effect to that which your critic envisages. For it would have to begin with the fact that the murder of all the whites in San Domingo (a tragedy from which the Haitians themselves suffered ultimately) was instigated by white men and Englishmen. Cathcart, the English agent, warned Dessalines that the English would neither trade with him nor support the independence of Haiti until every white man in the island was killed. They aimed at monopolising Haitian trade while the blacks at least were struggling to save themselves from the lash of the slave-whip. Your correspondent will find the necessary evidence on page 18 of *La Perte de Saint-Domingue*, by M. Camille Guy, a pamphlet republished from the *Bulletin geographique, historique et descriptive* No. 3, of 1898. I regret to have to bring this fact to the notice of your readers in this connection. Its proper place is in history or biography and not in a *tu quoque* of the blacks did this, but the whites did that. I could have put it into the play, but did not because these things in the long run obscure instead of clarifying great political issues. The amiability or otherwise of Christophe has nothing to do with either the play or the history. All men do all things under certain circumstances, a lesson which your critic has not yet learnt, despite the steadily accumulating piles of evidence with which the post-war world has been furnishing him. I have written, therefore, not only because I consider his remark uncalled-for, but also to correct any false or misleading impressions which it might have given to the unwary. C. L. R. JAMES

9 Heathcote Street,
W.C.1.

# Miscellany

## GODMOTHER TO A GYPSY

IT happened without any preliminary feasting or fasting. I'm not the sort of person to take on responsibility for the spiritual welfare of anyone, least of all would I choose little Willie Cole.

The gypsies were in our village for the hopping, and I got to know them while making sketches of their tents and waggons. They are really very dirty, but you can't help liking them. They begged from me at first, of course, but once they realised it was no use, no old stockings and no old clothes, because, I told them, I had them all on, they soon gave it up and settled down to be friends. They sat round me on the grass, and when they looked up at me I thought I had never seen such beautiful eyes ; every colour except blue, for though they were all Romany they were not all dark-eyed. There was Margaret, brown-haired with heavily fringed light grey eyes ; Mahogany, auburn with brown eyes ; and Ocean (so called because she was born " close up against " the sea), a truly wild and awful child of eight with short bright red hair and fiery brown eyes. Willie's mother had jet black hair in two long hanging plaits, and black eyes with thick lashes curled back like spiders' legs. Her skin was burnt bronze. She sat beside me and told me Romany words for important everyday things like " policeman," " rabbit," " gamekeeper," while I sketched. Her baby was to be christened the next day, and I said I would come to church and see him.

So I went along on Thursday about two o'clock and, not liking to show undue familiarity, I sat down outside Mrs. Cole's tent while the baby was being washed. At least, I thought he was being washed ; but when I looked through the tent door, Willie was in his undies, and Amy had just finished putting a very tight binder round and round him, over his petticoats and under his arms till they stuck out quite straight like wired chrysanthemum buds. His face was very dirty and so were his hands and feet. " But I thought you were washing him," I said.

" Only his middle and that," she replied, " not his face yet ; Willie don't like to be washed much 'cos he don't like to be interrupted. Ocean, bring the water now for Willie's face." Ocean came running with a battered old enamelled basin, and the corner of a rag was dipped into a very little water and Willie's face was rubbed over with it. The result, considering the economy of means, was surprising. Willie's little face came up the colour of a ripe hazel nut, and though he lifted up his voice at the unaccustomed dampness he soon stopped and smiled again. No gypsy child seems to cry for long. He laughs and weeps much more often than other children, but he switches off quicker. I suppose he knows by instinct that soon he'll be crying again, so he learns to get it over quick and have time for fun.

Willie was now taken into another tent to have his christening-robe put on by another more experienced gypsy. This was very thick embroidered calico with broad blue ribbon tie-ups on the shoulders. His cap was trimmed with narrower ribbons. Willie was now dressed ; his face was nearly extinguished, his little arms stuck straight out and his feet (which were never washed, by the way) hung helpless out of a thick fringe of calico. He looked like a little heathen god, not like a baby any more. His mother held him up proudly. " There now, Willie, you're ready to go to church and have the Holy Water on your face."

I had given Mrs. Cole a silver spoon for the baby. " That'll be lovely for Willie," she said, looking round the tent for somewhere to put it ; but there was nowhere, so she tucked it into her blouse near the source of Willie's nourishment. " That's the first present Willie ever had," she said, and by the expression on her face I don't think she'll sell that silver spoon.

" Will you stand godmother to Willie ? " she said, while we

were waiting for the others. But I said no, because, apart from my own feelings in the matter, I knew that these things must be already arranged, and it was only Amy's way of being hospitable. Presently she arrived, the godmother I mean; a beautiful bold red-haired gypsy girl, Taria, sister to Ocean. She took Willie from his mother without a word and held him firmly. I wouldn't have stood a chance.

Now we were ready to go. There was Taria carrying Willie; Mahogany, the baby's aunt, and Ocean, who had no business to come but would follow, about ten yards behind. There should have been two godfathers. One of them, Willie's father, had gone to the races; the other one simply wasn't there. But it was time to go, so we left Willie's mother to cook his father's meal, christening or no christening, and started up the hill. About half-way up, a young man with curly black hair vaulted out of the high-banked hedge and silently joined us. "Godfather," explained Taria, "he's Willie's uncle, too."

So now the party was complete—or near enough; but the church door was almost in sight and no one had a hat on except me. Not only that, but Mahogany's and Ocean's only preparation for the ceremony had been to buy a sixpenny pot of rouge from the nearest Woolworths and smear it over their faces and fingers. Mahogany, made up, looked wicked enough, but Ocean, with her short red hair tied up with bright vermilion ribbon, her rouged cheeks and wild eyes, looked ready to take the reverence out of any group. Her stockings, grown up ones acquired for the occasion, hung in festoons round her thin legs. She wore beige kid button boots with pointed toes, that turned up because they were sizes too large for her. She laughed loudly and raucously, showing teeth of uneven lengths, due, of course, to her tender age. In the end we managed somehow. Mahogany put the baby's shawl over her head, I spread Ocean's ribbon as wide as I could over her rebellious hair, and Taria wore godfather's cap. It would have been better if we could have kept Ocean out, as without her the procession would have been reasonably demure; but I knew it was no use, and I did not want a scene outside the church, so we all trooped in.

Fortunately the little rector is very broadminded, and he welcomed us kindly without a critical glance. Vainly he tried to give the book of the service to each in turn. They shook their heads one after another. "Can't any of you read?" he asked, patiently. "The lady can," and they nodded him on to me. So I had to have the book and make the responses, even to naming the child; for Taria, finding the flow of words had suddenly ceased, herself with a baby to name and everyone gazing expectantly at her, lost her head completely and could only mutter "Wullie" very low under her breath, so that no one could hear her. "William," I said, sedately; and the baby was christened and I had become a godmother.

William himself, who had fallen asleep during the soothing rhythm of the service, woke with an outraged gasp at what was apparently going to be a second washing, but smiled happily and dropped off again when he found it was a false alarm. The service was now over, and as I seemed to have acquired reponsibility for the party, the rector asked me to come into the vestry with godfather so that the necessary record might be made. This we did, followed by the others, who refused to be shaken off; they felt it was their show, and they were quite determined to see it through. Then we all trooped out of the quiet little church into the sunshine again. The rector had given me an illuminated christening card for Mrs. Cole, and we were all very well satisfied with ourselves. I felt relieved, for they had all behaved well and had loved the service. Even Ocean, by breathing very hard, had managed to keep her arms and legs still. It is true that when we "renounced the devil and all his works" one loud chuckle escaped her, but as that was probably the only part of the service that sounded like sense to her, we could hardly blame her.

"There, Willie," said Taria, tossing him in the air. "Now you're christened, and you won't be livin' in sin any more." Willie chuckled and settled down quickly into a deep and sinless slumber. But before he put his thumb in his mouth he looked across at me, and I thought I saw him wink sleepily with one soft bright eye.

FLORA C. TWORT

## THE FACE

Is this my face,
In the strict mirror
Staring? O God,
Spare me this terror!

Lips shine like ice,
Eyes do not flicker:
As a stark mask
I see my maker.

And is my faith
As a rock, barren?
Will no hammer, no blade,
A deep stream open?

Here is no hope
Of the quick and daring;
Here the forsaken
Dead and dying.

"The end is death!"
I cry in terror.
"In the end, death,"
Agrees the mirror.

CLIFFORD DYMENT

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

### "The Winter's Tale" at the Old Vic

*The Winter's Tale*, so rarely performed, is one of the loveliest of Shakespeare's plays. It has a double freshness: events and characters have not become familiar by repetition; and the poetry itself has an extraordinary serenity and depth. In the Old Vic performance there are two intervals, after Acts III (the lapse of seventeen years) and IV, so that the natural division of the play into three moods—tragic, pastoral and legend-symbolism—has been accentuated. The effect is of a symphony in three movements, and the notion that Shakespeare has carelessly thrown together these moods is disproved by the sheer magic which each evokes when the play is seen on the stage. The vivid pastoral of the comedy scenes, which come in the middle of the evening, throws the rest of the story into a curiously shaded past, half-legendary, although we have witnessed it with our own eyes, and the final scenes, when the sunlight is forgotten and the legend concluded, create their own illusion with a completeness unique even in Shakespeare. Like the beginning of *Lear*, this close is pure fairy-tale, but here we accept it immediately, whereas in *Lear* the division of the kingdom, on which the rest of the play depends, raises doubts in the spectator. *The Winter's Tale* ranks with *The Tempest*, and perhaps above it in some ways. The performance at the Old Vic will be a revelation to many people who have never seen this play. It is excellently produced and acted. Mr. William Devlin as Leontes, Miss Vivienne Bennett as Hermione, Mr. George Woodbridge as Camillo could hardly be bettered; and in Mr. Morland Graham and Mr. Arthur Leigh we have two rustic clowns who do not try to improve on their parts.

### "Whipsaw" at the Empire

A streamlined film about detectives, jewel-thieves and gangsters. Ingenious plot, smart dialogue, and dapper directing. Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy make good going in tandem—isn't she more like a human being than any other Hollywood *diva?* If you like your films slick, answer the Empire's call.

### "Merlusse" at the Curzon
### "Veille d'Armes" at Studio One

Marcel Pagnol's *Merlusse*, a curious and enjoyable film, is by no means as good as its forerunner at the Curzon, M. Guitry's *Bonne Chance;* and Marcel L'Herbier's *Veille d'Armes* is nothing like as good as *Merlusse*. The first of these two films is a charming

short story founded on fact; the second is a silly romantic drama founded on Honour. Guitry's film was also a short story and it, too, was richly romantic—but it wasn't literary, it wasn't true, it wasn't melodramatic, and it was very far from silly. It showed an expert and amusing sense of film technique. Pagnol, an independent, one-man unit, has hardly bothered with any such thing. His camera, likewise aided by Scotto's tunes, wanders about overhearing schoolboy conversations, eager to detect character, on an equal footing with the masters, but still a little awed in the Head's study—like an Old Boy re-visiting youthful haunts. It plays this part casually, but so well that the result reminds one of Jean Vigo's *Zéro de Conduite*, without the touches of surrealism and with distinct literary value—an unpretentious, pretty document of life in a French *lycée*. *Veille d'Armes*, on the other hand, is a patriotic tract, absurd and insufferable. A battleship and a fair lady's reputation go down together; only one of these assets is salvaged—and that with great difficulty, because Annabella, by taking it all desperately to heart, made matters worse. The audience, at least, would have forgiven her without so many young and agonised *moues*. A more obtuse insouciance, *à la* Margaretta Scott, would have worked wonders with her prosy part.

### Claude Monet

The exhibition at Tooth's of early Monets ought not to be missed. Almost all the pictures belong to that happy period—from about 1870 to 1880—when the influence of Boudin was still strong and that of Courbet present, and before the doctrine had got the artist down. Monet was not to be so much at ease with his vision till the last years of his life, when again he trusted his own sensibility rather than other people's ideas. *Les bords de la Seine* (1872), a picture of magical loveliness, is perhaps the *clou* of the show; but there are half a dozen others that run it close. English amateurs will naturally be interested in the two London landscapes, both painted in 1871 when the artist was a refugee. To compare these airy and enchanting canvases with those weighty exercises—the Thames series—which Monet produced about the turn of the century, is to realise the havoc a theory pushed to its logical conclusion can work on the art of a sensitive painter.

### The Lefevre Gallery

Here is an exhibition of French and English pictures which raises one's opinion of contemporary British art. For once in a way the English have the best of it: the Utrillo is representative; but the Bonnard, though a fine picture, does not show us the artist quite at his best; the Picasso is one of those Picassos that are not Picassos, having been painted in 1901; and the charming Dufy will seem more than charming only to those who have not seen a hundred Dufys like it. Probably the best picture in the exhibition is the one that occupies the place of honour, *Still Life with Fish*, by Duncan Grant. Sickert's portrait and his *Fading Memories of Walter Scott* are surprisingly good, even for Sickert, which is saying a good deal. Matthew Smith's *Aix-en-Provence* may well be the best picture that admirable artist has yet painted. Dunlop, Gertler and Vanessa Bell are all seen to advantage. In one of the new rooms is a collection of hard, insensitive but highly efficient *gouaches* by Jean Lurçat. In another is some pretentious prettiness by Kanelba.

### The "Daily Mail" Ideal Homes Exhibition at Olympia

The philosopher will be fascinated, though the housewife is in danger of being confused, by the incredible variety of exhibits in this show. A fantastic gaggle of gadgets compete for the privilege of simplifying our lives—whether we want to mince raw carrots, or cleanse our pores, or keep the steam off our looking glasses, or press our trousers, here is to be found the best possible instrument for the purpose—if only we can pick it out from its rivals. The furnishing exhibits suggest a slight improvement in prevalent taste: there is a pleasant wooden house made of British Columbia timber: the G.P.O. in its exhibit sets a standard of taste which hardly any of the private stands achieve: and the ceiling of Olympia has been transformed into a sapphire firmament. A baroque feature is a series of "Rooms of the Film Stars," who apparently order their furnishings *en bloc* from London firms. There are some surprises: Mr. Raymond Massey's dining-room strikes us as very vulgar, while Mr. Cecil B. de Mille's drawing room is quiet and refined. The most beautiful room is Mr. Leslie Howard's kitchen; Miss Mae West's bedroom appropriately has a mirror on the ceiling over the bed, and Mr. Clive Brook's fans can stare their eyes out at his lavatory seat.

## THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, March 27th—
"Back to Methuselah," Parts 4 (Acts II and III) and 5, Tavistock Little Theatre, 36 Tavistock Place.

SATURDAY, March 28th—
Reginald Paul Piano Quartet, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, March 29th—
John Katz on "The Philosopher as Architect of Civilisation," Conway Hall, 11.
Bach Choir, St. Matthew Passion, Queen's Hall, Part I, 11; Part II, 2.30.
Film Society, New Gallery, 2.30.
Kreisler, Albert Hall, 3.
David Forsyth on "Psychology and Religion," Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 3.30.
Laurance Turner String Quartet, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 6.30.
Neil Hunter on "Abyssinia—Grave of Fascist Hopes," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.
F. L. Kerran on "The Crisis," Willoughby Hall, Willoughby Road, 8.
Hugh Gaitskell on "Can Capitalism Survive?" 123 Lupus Street, 8.

TUESDAY, March 31st—
Wilfrid E. Littleboy on "The Present Importance of the Christian Pacifist Position," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
New Schools in Action. H. Lyn Harris on St. Christopher, Letchworth, Adolph Tuck Hall, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, 6.30.
"Love from a Stranger," New Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, April 1st—
Gerald Heard on "A Psychology for Progressives," Conway Hall, 8.
Dr. Edith Summerskill on "Are Professional Women Free?" 25 Wimpole Street, 8.
Sir Bernard Pares on "Moscow, Midwinter, 1935–6," Livingstone Hall, Broadway, 8.15.

THURSDAY, April 2nd—
W. J. Turner on "The Future of Poetry," Royal Institution, 21 Albemarle Street, 5.15.
Dr. G. P. Gooch on "The International Outlook," Livingstone Hall, Broadway, 8.
Royal Philharmonic Society (Beecham), Queen's Hall, 8.15.

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# Current Literature

## BOOKS IN GENERAL

Look down, O God, upon the northern world, look searchingly and close; let Your celestial eyes grow used to that pitch-darkness: see it? The surf? That marks a shore. Inside the line, inside its loops and circles, there, if You like, *is* darkness: that's the land. Do people live there? Is there life at all? Look close again—there in the blackness of what seems to be a great peninsula; look hard. We've had to look—we men, to strain our eyes and powers of faith—for God. *We've* peered off heavenwards on starless nights to find one solitary little gleam of hope, one star. *You* look. Ah, have You found it? Yes, it's faint; only a tallow candle shining in a tent. It is a wild night, and the candle gutters in the wind. What sound! —the gale, the roar of surf along a thousand miles of shore. Your uproar, God. Incline Your ear as we've inclined ours—sometimes—to Your still, small voice. Lean towards the tent and listen. Hear it?—a song? It's sweet. The words are strange to Your trained European ears; the melody You know. You love it, God. It's sweeter to You in this wilderness than the choirs of St. Peter's and St. Paul's. What! weeping, God? Because they're really "Nearer" than they know "to Thee."

A DIET of blubber and pâté de foie gras and the influence of the Arctic night and of *Moby Dick*, that disastrous masterpiece of ranting, appear to be equally responsible for the above passage, which is typical of the style in which *Salamina*, by Rockwell Kent (Faber, 15*s*.) is written. Mr. Kent is a book-illustrator and a painter who is famous in the United States; he went to live near Disko on the east coast of Greenland and his book, illustrated and decorated by himself, and called after the young woman who kept house for him, records his relations with the natives. It is tremendously rollicking:

We can't have mountain trolls smearing their paw prints on the tinfoil of the Chrysler building. We can't have old girls telling all they know. "*Aja, ajaja, aja*"; what fun life is! *Old* girls: they know.

* * *

*Salamina* is full of young girls, too, with their portraits "somewhat idealised." There is Anna, the true Eskimo type whom he surprised gazing at his photograph, Justina whom they scrubbed in two changes of hot water, and who got a job at the sanatorium on the strength of her cleanliness, Salamina who would hardly let Mr. Kent out of her sight and Pauline who shared the author's sleeping bag in a frozen hut during a sketching expedition. Mr. Kent lived on intimate terms with the Greenlanders and must know them very well. He went on expeditions with them, they stole from him and swindled him and liked him. Yet there would be only superficial differences if Mr. Kent had been writing about the pigmies of the Congo, or the midinettes of Paris: the book is a mirror with Rockwell Kent reflected on every page. As *Salamina* goes on, the author tires and the philosophic profundities, generated in the Arctic night, dry up a bit, and he writes almost calmly about Eskimo dogs. But in my opinion this is the most affected book written about the Arctic and is likely to remain so. If Beverley Nichols should leave his thatched roof and go North, the result would be definitely less red-blooded and more whimsical. Otherwise there is very little difference between the degree of affectation of *Salamina* and *Down the Garden Path*. *Ivalu the Eskimo Wife*, by Peter Freuchen (Lovat Dickson, 7*s*. 6*d*.), is the story of a girl from rather further north, where white men were scarcer. It is full of murders and the heroine meets with numbers of vicissitudes, meets Peary as a child, is desired by many men, is married and widowed and eventually marries a white trader. Yet in spite of dramatic incidents and personal names, one never feels that this is the story of one particular girl, but rather that one is being furnished with a manual of Eskimo etiquette in the shape of a novel. Unfortunately, though the author avoids scenic descriptions, he goes in for local colour by translating Eskimo sentences into pidgin English. The result is phrases like: "'The event has arrived that the stomach is hungry,' he said, and the others understood his intentions."

*The Eskimos*, by Kaj Birket-Smith (Methuen, 15*s*.), is a very different sort of book from either of the above: a scientific, comprehensive account of all the Eskimo tribes that live on the shores of the immense arctic mediterranean sea, numbering about 40,000 persons. The hollowed soapstone lamp and the ice-hunting which provides the blubber to burn in it are "the corner stones of the greater part of Eskimo culture," making their possessors independent of vegetation. While the Lapps and Eurasiatic polar peoples live more or less independently of the sea and are only driven to its shores in summer to escape the mosquito-hell of the boreal forests, the Eskimos have for ages become independent of trees. What wood they need comes to them as driftwood and their primitive bows are not of wood, but horn, or whalebone reinforced with sinew binding. By English archery standards, the best Eskimo hunters are bad shots. The standard of harpooning is higher. Mr. Birket-Smith's book is full of surprises: for example, the Eskimos are not a particularly short people. "The average height of the Eskimos (165 cms.) corresponds to that of the inhabitants of Western France and large parts of Italy and Spain." They have difficulty in dealing with abstract notions, and in counting over ten—"seventeen or twenty is simply an incomprehensibly high number," and in making comparisons. They can be more logical in a tiresome, Alice-in-Wonderland way, than we are. Thus the women of a settlement were very indignant with an injured husband who made a fuss about his wife's acts of infidelity on the ground that what is past, is past. He should have been furiously jealous before they occurred, that might have been useful; to be angry afterwards was merely disturbing the peace with no hope of any practical result.

* * *

By far the greatest number of Eskimos live under the rule of Denmark in Greenland and of the United States in Alaska, and these groups are now reasonably well cared for and increasing in number. In Alaska the remnants of a vanishing people were saved by converting them from hunters to reindeer herders like the Lapps.

The great danger to the Eskimos is that as the economic importance of reindeer-breeding grows (there were 700,000 head in 1930) the animals may pass into the possession of trading companies and the Eskimos may be transformed into a menial class.

In Greenland conditions are fairly good. There are compulsory schools, hospitals, sanatoria for tuberculosis, midwives, and old-age pensions after the age of fifty-five. Trade is a Government monopoly, which though it may lead to abuses, prevents incalculable harm and exploitation. But the large whales have been killed off already and the numbers of seals caught is decreasing, while the population primarily dependent upon them is increasing. The solution seems to be in reindeer-herding and Mr. Birket-Smith makes the excellent suggestion that a Danish commission should visit Alaska and an American commission Greenland. In Canada the Hudson Bay Company want skilful trappers and the Eskimos are being brought to neglect caribou and seal-hunting which provide them with fresh meat, skins, and blubber and as a result are insufficiently nourished on flour and canned goods. Moreover the Canadian Government "wastes hundreds of thousands of dollars in hunting murderers" instead of striking at the root of the evil by education. In Newfoundland the position is an abominable disgrace. The Government has never shown the slightest interest in protecting the native population which is rapidly decreasing in numbers and half of which is said to have venereal disease. There are restrictions on Eskimo hunting while white sealers kill off the seals by thousands at the breeding grounds. Since the administration of Newfoundland is now in the hands of the British Treasury something could be done immediately to save the Eskimo and something would be done if we were as decent a people as the Danes. Some of our young Arctic explorers who have learned to love the Eskimo in Greenland should take the matter up.

DAVID GARNETT

## A NOT-INEVITABLE WAR

**England and the Near East. The Crimea.** By HAROLD TEMPERLEY. *Longmans.* 25s.

A few months before the Crimean war no informed person in England thought it just or necessary and a few years after it was over it was condemned as a tragic mistake by the *Times* and by almost everyone else. Most historians now agree about its futility. It came as a result of confusion of policy; if Lord Aberdeen had been a stronger man England would not have backed the Turks and would not have been involved. If Palmerston had been in charge and the Tsar had known from the beginning that the British would take the same attitude that they had taken when he tried to bully the Turks four years before, he would not have moved his troops into the Principalities and there would have been no war. Each policy stultified the other. Either might have kept peace.

Professor Temperley analyses the whole situation that led up to this war in the first of three volumes in which he intends to cover the story of British relations with the Near East from the death of Canning until the Berlin Conference of 1878. His first volume ranks at once amongst the finest pieces of historical writing and research that have appeared in our generation. It has the very unusual merit of dealing with a complex phase of British foreign policy from an international instead of from a purely national point of view. The book gains colour and warmth from Professor Temperley's intimate acquaintance with the Near East. He has filled up gaps in our knowledge by studying the unpublished as well as the published correspondence of Aberdeen, Clarendon, Palmerston, Russell and the rest. But the importance of his work lies in the fact that he has been to Zagreb for one book, Constantinople for another and Beyrouth for the third and that he understands Turkish history as well as British. The early part of the volume contains a magnificent survey of Turkey under Mahmud II and of the long struggle with Mehmet Ali. As to the Crimean war and Stratford de Redcliffe's effort to dominate Turkish policy and the false position that arose between him and the different sections of the Cabinet which dared not dismiss him and did not trust him—all this British diplomatic history falls into its true place as part of a great drama that ended in tragic futility.

By a strange irony the Prime Minister who led us into this war was himself the most determined pacifist who ever sat in a British Cabinet. Aberdeen was stiff and not unusually able, but he was particularly honest, sensitive and disinterested. He said after the war had begun that he felt personally responsible for every drop of blood that was spilt. Professor Temperley ends his first volume with a remarkable further piece of evidence about the effect of the war on Aberdeen's mind. It appears that in his later years he persistently refused to rebuild an ugly and dilapidated parish church on one of his estates. The reason was only discovered after his death when "a text was found written and rewritten by him on scraps of paper" which supplied the key to the mystery:

> And David said unto Solomon, My son, as for me, it was in my power to build an house unto the name of the Lord my God. But the word of the Lord came to me saying, Thou hast shed blood abundantly and hast made great war: thou shalt not build an house unto my name, because thou hast shed much blood upon the earth in my sight.

Looking back on the story we see that Aberdeen was right in thinking that there need have been no war in 1854. We always come to that conclusion when we study the immediate causes of any war. If someone had been wiser or firmer or worried less about "prestige," war for the moment would have been avoided. But we see too that in conditions of international anarchy war sooner or later is inevitable. Each economic clash, each diplomatic wrangle, each shift in the balance of power has behind it the threat of arms. Every diplomatic move is an effort to gain position and prestige in preparation for a war that is envisaged in the future. If England had not been recovering from the war of 1854 it is likely that we should have fought against the Northern States in the American Civil War in 1862 or against Germany over Schleswig in 1864. Even if we had kept out of all continental wars we should still have fought our wars of conquest in Africa. And we shall go on fighting wars until statesmen realise that their cleverest diplomacy cannot preserve peace in conditions of political and economic anarchy.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

## PICKWICK OR DICKENS?

**A Pickwick Portrait Gallery.** *Chapman and Hall.* 7s. 6d.

**The Origin of Pickwick.** By WALTER DEXTER and J. W. T. LEY. *Chapman and Hall.* 5s.

*Pickwick* is hardly a book at all. It is, first of all, an event—then a tradition, a legend; and, as such, it has perhaps more right to a centenary of its own than other and better novels. I myself hold the decidedly lowbrow view that Dickens is one of the very greatest of English writers—and would go to the stake on it more readily (which, of course, is not saying much) than in most causes; I read a great part of him almost yearly; but I read *Pickwick* less than any but two or three of the other novels, and cannot feel any warmth towards it as a whole. It lacks the real flavour. The wonderful solid world of the later books has not yet been built; you cannot settle down and inhabit *Pickwick*, as you can even the least remarkable of its successors. *Dombey and Son*, for instance, is very far from showing Dickens at his best, yet I would give *Pickwick*, with all its brilliance—yes, Sam Weller and all—for *Dombey and Son*, while for *Bleak House* or *Our Mutual Friend* I would give (regretfully, of course) two or three *Pickwicks*. What is more, I find it difficult to believe in a *real* Dickensian who would not.

For what is the quality in Dickens for which his *real* admirers would (almost) go to the stake? Surely, the poetry. I need hardly say I am not referring to little songs about the "ivy green," nor to all that notorious blank verse. I mean the poetry of Todgers's boarding-house, of Mrs. Gamp and her tea-party, of the eating-house where Mr. Guppy and his friends had dinner. Any Dickensian will remember a score of examples straight off. These scenes are not, ultimately, funny. For something like the same flavour one may go to, say, Charlie Chaplin, sitting alone over his small camp fire, very seriously preparing his breakfast; the quality there is thinner, but yet similar.

That rich poetical atmosphere, that entire, solid, habitable world must not, as I said, be looked for within the covers of *Pickwick*; at most there is here and there an intimation of them, as in Lant Street, Borough. On the other hand, *Pickwick* has certainly its own attractions, never quite repeated: for instance, the admirable raciness of the rather despised early chapters—the duel, the review, the journey to Dingley Dell. And, more decidedly than his virtues, most of Dickens's lifelong faults are already present: his mixture of sentimentality and moral obtuseness, his deplorable love affairs, his tedious wind-up, his habit of reforming agreeable vagabonds and sending them off hurriedly to remote countries. "They will be in nobody's way, you know," he seems to say with Lady Catherine, "in that part of the globe."

Still, when everything has been said against the peculiar cult of it, *Pickwick* was the first; it was an event; one cannot grudge it a centenary. But the sober Dickensian will find it difficult to enter wholeheartedly into the spirit of this celebration volume of "portraits"—a "now-*of-course*-we're-all-having-the-time-of-our lives" sort of atmosphere, rather suggestive (I must say) of an Old Girls' Dinner. Dickens is really too great a man to be a fit subject for such get-together stuff. In the circumstances, Mr. Pickwick, one supposes, *must* be eulogised; yet in the bosom of a Dickensian who does not much like Mr. Pickwick, does not esteem him, and positively squirms at his magnanimity in the Fleet (with Mr. Jingle "bowing low without speaking"), Mr. Alfred Noyes's eulogy can excite only discomfort. What are we to say when told that Mr. Tupman is really a likeable man, and Mr. Wardle a grand figure, not even old "in the usual acceptance of that word as applied to age?" Mr. Bransby Williams, indeed, by carrying sacred simplicity to the limit of the possible (on Tony Weller) becomes quite engaging. Mr. Agate's essay on "The Smallest Fry" is very nice (I liked him particularly for quoting the red-headed man who said, "No, t'ant"). And Mr. Stonier's little piece of detective work on Mr. Snodgrass is still nicer. The chance, if it was chance, which delivered up to him that dimmest of the Pickwickians was a very kind one; for while such faint, nondescript figures seem to promise little, they are in reality the best, indeed only, material for fresh "portrait" work. The only woman included is Mrs. Bardell; I rather wonder no one tried Mrs. Raddle, on whom, if not a "portrait," a treatise might be written. Dickens really seems to have thought that Mrs. Raddle was funny. What a man he was, after all! what awful air-pockets of insensitiveness he keeps dropping one into!

Such remarks do not perhaps appear wholly suitable to a

*Pickwick* centenary, but, of all things, ill-judging praise of an admired writer makes one sore and angry. Better abuse.

A ne rien pardonner le pur amour éclate.

There is no harm in *The Origin of Pickwick*, if little novelty. The "human interest" of *Pickwick's* story is not quite worn out; the atmosphere of tension and hatred, of impassioned accusation and lifelong bitterness, surrounding the inception of that jolly work, still has power to fascinate, even though everything of importance has been said repeatedly. It is, to begin with, so almost incredibly appropriate to Dickens's role as the child of good fortune, that he should have happened to erect his life-work on a human sacrifice; he did not mean anything—but the fates handed him Seymour. In this little book we find the last—or at all events latest—word on the threadbare question of who invented what. We are reintroduced, also, to a second victim, the "man called Buss" (unlucky even in the resemblance of his name to "Boz," and referred to as "Buss" by one reviewer), who was "interposed" immediately after Seymour's death, and "proved a failure." Buss's own indignant statement is published here for the first time. Poor Mr. Buss! One day, as new material becomes scarcer, he may yet play the central part in an historical novel.

K. JOHN

## TURQUERIE

**Ali the Lion.** By WILLIAM PLOMER. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Plomer's way of looking at men and things is very much his own, and, as you can tell from his admirable novels, stories, and *Life* of Cecil Rhodes, his sense of values is remarkably civilised and delicate. He writes, moreover, in a style distinguished by ease and directness. I cannot imagine him writing a book that I should not enjoy, and he has, in fact, succeeded in making a book even about Ali Pasha interesting. Mr. Plomer suggests that if Ali had lived before Shakespeare the story of the tyrant "would certainly have interested and might conceivably have been used by the poet." This strikes me as most improbable. The character of this petty Tamburlaine appears to have had none of the intricacy which Shakespeare demanded of his villains. His life is a tale of cupidity, treachery and cruelty inspired by no motive other than self-interest, and unrelieved by any glimmer of remorse or even introspection.

> Blood follows blood, and through their mortal span
> In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began.

Such a tale inevitably becomes monotonous.

There is really little else to say about Ali except that from obscure beginnings he made himself ruler of Albania, a large part of Macedonia, and all the Greek mainland except Attica and Boeotia. He governed as a vizier of the Sultan, whose acquiescence he secured by continual offerings of tribute, extorted from his unlucky subjects. Apart from this, Ali acted as an independent ruler, playing the French and British against one another and increasing his wealth and his dominions until at last the excess of his power alarmed the Sublime Porte into attacking and destroying him. His success was based on shrewdness and entire unscrupulousness, supported by an energy unusual among Turks. (His blood was largely Albanian.) He was uneducated, but Byron and the other Europeans who visited him were struck by his politeness and the surprising mildness of his demeanour. Mr. Plomer suggests that the story of his life "offers a lesson in the working of autocracy that may well be borne in mind." In constantly breaking his most solemn engagements, as well as in torturing and murdering his opponents, Ali was quite as efficient as any modern tyrant, but he did not pretend, poor backward Oriental, that his crimes were the noble fruit of noble ideals.

The principal attraction of Mr. Plomer's book lies in the romantic setting: the rugged mountains of Albania, the picturesqueness of the costumes, and the peculiarity of Oriental manners. Mr. Plomer makes great play with the corps of long-haired and willowy pages in constant attendance upon the Bashaw. He suggests, too, that the marked attentions which Byron received from Ali were a tribute to the voluptuous looks of the young poet; some cancelled lines from *Childe Harold*, referring to Ali's un-European habits, seem to have escaped his notice:

> For boyish minions of unhallowed love
> The shameless torch of wild desire is lit,
> Caresse, preferred even to woman's self above,
> Whose forms for Nature's gentler errors fit
> All frailties mote excuse save that which they commit.

Besides Byron, a number of European travellers visited Ali's court, often leaving descriptions which remind one of the Oriental subject-pieces by Delacroix. One of these was a Lord Guilford, who founded a university at Corfu, where he himself, the professors and the students all wore the costume of ancient Greece, tunic, chlamys, fillet and buskins. A French painter called Dupré made charming drawings of Ali and his court, some of which Mr. Plomer reproduces. The only other life of Ali in English was published ninety-nine years ago, and the recent life in French by M. Remérand is a very colourless affair. Mr. Plomer's fine psychological understanding is wasted upon this subject, but he has achieved a brilliant narrative which can be recommended with enthusiasm to those who can bear to gaze at the illimitable inhumanity of human beings.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

## AN ANTHOLOGY OF FRENCH VERSE

**A Book of French Verse.** Selected by L. E. KASTNER. *Cambridge University Press.* 6*s.*

Modern anthologies—particularly verse-anthologies—fall into three main groups. There is the personal kind, which represents the anthologist's individual taste unrestricted by theory; the theoretical kind, which sets out to illustrate some special point of view; the historical kind, which attempts to provide the student with a large and comprehensive panorama. Mr. Kastner's *Book of French Verse* belongs to the last category. His object (he writes) "has been to trace in its broad lines, by means of typical specimens, the growth and development of French poetry, excluding the drama, from the middle of the sixteenth century, when modern French poetry may be said to have begun, till the close of the nineteenth. . . . Since it is planned to include the most characteristic, not necessarily the most beautiful, pieces written by the representative poet, it is not intended to be an anthology, but rather a guide and companion." Here are a number of difficult and perplexing statements. Why, for instance—as the success of a poem can only be judged by what we agree to call its "beauty"—should a poet's "most characteristic" work be "not necessarily the most beautiful"? And then, how does M. Kastner define the word "modern"? Why should he have decided that "modern French poetry" began in the middle of the sixteenth century, with Marot, when François Villon is far closer to the feeling of much nineteenth-century French verse than many of the poets by whom he was followed?

But let us return to M. Kastner's remark that his anthology is intended to serve the student of French literature as guide, philosopher and friend. I cannot help thinking that the student new to his subject who adopted M. Kastner as "guide and companion" might arrive at several conclusions that he would be obliged to unlearn, slowly and painfully, when he came to know the subject better. Starting, for example, in the middle of the book, he might conclude, judging from the space devoted to these two authors, that Voltaire was a slightly more important poet than La Fontaine; while, moving on to the Romantic output of the nineteenth century, he would assume that Musset ranked second only to Victor Hugo, and—reaching a later page—that Sully Prudhomme was a writer considerably more influential than Charles Baudelaire!

If there is one French poet whose influence and reputation have increased, steadily and rapidly, during the last five decades that poet is the author of *Les Fleurs du Mal*. Yet by M. Kastner he is dismissed in a paragraph so obscurantist that it might have been written at the time when the book first appeared. Charles Baudelaire (we are told) "may be described as a follower of Gautier. . . . With his rare poetic gifts, he is really a neurotic haunted by morbid thoughts and fancies, who took a perverse delight, partly to flabbergast the Philistines, in dwelling on all that is evil and repulsive in human nature. Yet he was a powerful artist, and amid the noxious growths of his 'Flowers of Evil' can be found strangely idealistic or symbolical pieces, remarkable for their musical effects and suggestive qualities, which in the early days of Symbolism aroused the enthusiasm of the younger poets who hailed Baudelaire as a master." Thus far M. Kastner's literary judgment! For him, Baudelaire is still the satanic *poseur* cultivating the livid flowers of sin in an urban window-box: Musset still "the poet of love in all its manifestations . . . the greatest French lyric poet, in the narrower sense of the word"; Victor

Hugo—" Hugo, hélas ! " as M. Gide feelingly observed when constrained to acknowledge the predominance of that marvellous rhetorician—" admittedly the greatest of all French poets."

No, M. Kastner's commentary and methods of selection are not very helpful. Yet, since his scope ranges from Marot to Mallarmé, many magnificent poems have been drawn together in the anthologist's net. And how splendid is the period he covers ! The history of French differs from the history of English literature inasmuch as every period of great poetic activity—at any rate, during the last hundred and fifty years—seems to correspond to some very definite political upheaval. Thus, the collapse of the Napoleonic vision appears to have precipitated the Romantic outbreak. Describing the state of mind that prevailed during the 'thirties, when the Romantic fever was at its height, Gérard de Nerval (a poet badly served by M. Kastner) writes that the young men of that time were living " in one of those strange periods which usually follow a revolution or the downfall of some mighty empire." Their emotions were violent but unfocused. 1848 brought the culmination, also the disintegration, of the Romantic dream ; and from the death-pangs of Romanticism, and the period of disillusionment by which it was accompanied, sprang Baudelaire, whose *Fleurs du Mal* were condemned as indecent in 1857. Jules Laforgue's criticism of Baudelaire is still one of the most penetrating yet composed. " Il a le premier trouvé (he observes, in his fragmentary *Notes sur Baudelaire*) . . . ces comparaisons crues, qui soudain dans l'harmonie d'une période mettent en passant le pied dans le plat." And the critic goes on to speak of his " allure large et harmonieuse . . . cette noblesse immuable "—his magniloquence so different from the self-conscious grandiosity of earlier Romantic poets, his richness and variety of tone, the strain of mysticism that makes him—though he himself was without faith—a religious poet, often acclaimed by Catholic apologists.

It is interesting that Rimbaud, whose volcanic excursion into poetry coincided with the fall of the Second Empire and the short-lived Communist revolution of 1871, should have considered Baudelaire " the king of poets " and first of *voyants* or visionary writers. Rimbaud carried a step farther that systematic " derangement of the senses " which Baudelaire had anticipated both in his verse and in his prose ; and there are very few modern poets whose work cannot be traced, either directly or indirectly, to the achievement of these two extraordinary men. Yet M. Kastner gives us five short poems by Baudelaire, *Élévation*, *Correspondances*, *Le Guignon*, *Harmonie du Soir* and *Spleen*—less than he gives us of Leconte de Lisle !—and includes none of the wonderful *Tableaux Parisiens* ; while of Rimbaud we get only *Le Dormeur du Val* and *Bateau Ivre*. Incidentally, since Henri de Régnier is represented, room might have been found for that brilliant and stimulating writer, Tristan Corbière.

P. Q.

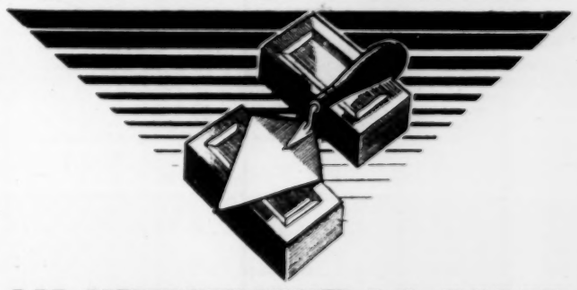
## DRAMATIC SONG

**The Changing Opera.** By PAUL BEKKER. Translated by ARTHUR MENDEL. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This book, by one of the most distinguished and typical of German musical critics, whose books on Beethoven and Wagner are among the standard works of their kind, sets out to present, as briefly as possible, not so much the external history of opera as the change of attitude of composers to the singing voice and the consequent developments of style in the balance between orchestra and singers. Thus envisaged, the history of opera resolves itself into a struggle between voice and instrument, from the purely homophonic style of Gluck, through the lyricism of Italian opera and of French *opéra comique*, down to the post-Wagnerian experiments of Strauss, in which the voice-part becomes a mere species of gesticulation (*Salome*, *Elektra*). The emphasis, as Herr Bekker so rightly insists, must always be in the singing voice. This leads at once to language considerations, which account for the purely lyrical style of classical Italian opera, the lyrical-dramatic style of the French, and the characteristic *parlando* of the German school. In the latter case, *Fidelio* forms the most important point of departure, for here the orchestra wins its first battle over the voice and the voice-parts themselves take the first step in the direction of Wagnerian opera : " The interval construction of his [Beethoven's] melodies is determined by instruments, even before they have taken shape, simply because his creative process is the result of abstract tonal imagination and not of the singing impulse." Weber and his school (Marchner and Lortzing) did something to redress the balance, and in French grand opera, where the division between recitative, which simply told the story, and aria, which was purely lyrical, the needs of the vocal line were never neglected—even in the later day of Debussy, where a declamatory recitative, learnt from Mussorgsky, is pursued unbroken. But in Germany the battle was irretrievably, and perhaps necessarily, lost to the orchestra, and all the later operas of Wagner (with the partial exception of *Die Meistersinger*) are really symphonic poems in which the voices are mere instruments, and not always solo ones, and the chorus, once so important a part of the musical action, plays a more than subsidiary part. Nowadays an *impasse* seems to have been reached : post-war opera, as Herr Bekker points out, has been historical, *i.e.*, eclectic, combining a hotch-potch of all former styles in an effort to achieve originality. In any case, the emphasis is no longer on the voice, which is given ever more and more ungrateful parts to sing. Our composers must re-discover the human voice, if they wish to create opera anew.

The book contains some curious mistakes. Ortrud and Telramund are not characters in *Tannhäuser*, and Posa has no part in *La Forza del Destino*, and Hindemith's *Cardillac* is not a one-act opera. It is inexact, in the teutonic fashion, to speak of grand opera as " not an art-work in the usual sense . . . The creation of an entire community and an entire period . . . a sort of collectivist art species." *La Vestale*, for instance, is by Spontini, and no amount of theorising about the period at which he wrote can do more than indicate an influence. Music is the creation of single brains. Elsewhere it may be felt that Herr Bekker has been too sparing of praise and blame in particular cases. It was doubtless his aim to give as impartial a view of the field as possible ; yet the uninstructed reader, by whom the book can be read with pleasure and profit, is not given any indication that, *e.g.*, *Mignon* is a sugary work of none but historical interest, and *Tiefland*—whatever its position in the history of German opera—merely inflated restaurant music. Apart from these blemishes, and an occasional tendency to over-intellectualise the simplest conceptions, the book will be of the greatest interest to all for whom opera constitutes a phenomenon as puzzling as it is fascinating.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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## STILLBORN

**A History of the German Republic, 1918-1930.** By ARTHUR ROSENBERG. *Methuen.* 15s.

This is the sequel to Dr. Rosenberg's *Birth of the German Republic* which appeared in 1928, and it starts with a certain advantage over some competitors already in the field, since, from 1919 to 1928, the author played an active part in the scene he describes. Dr. Rosenberg has also been able to use the as yet unpublished Minutes of the Council of People's Representatives for November and December, 1918.

It must be admitted that, by the end of the book, the reader feels rather as if he had spent the evening listening to a dirge for the death of a shadow which never had substance. This is partly because National Socialism has been so remarkably thorough in blotting out the Weimar past. But Dr. Rosenberg is himself partly to blame, for he confuses genuine Socialism with the German post-war Republic. It is true that when the Socialist, Noske, called in the chauvinist *Frei Korps* to suppress revolutionary movements, the possibility of a Soviet future in Germany faded away, and in that sense it is true that " The fighting in January, 1919, proved to be the turn of the tide of the German Revolution." But this is not to say that the Nazi revolution had to all effects and purposes already occurred fourteen years before Hitler became Chancellor. Moreover, Dr. Rosenberg is apt to vacillate between asserting on the one hand that the present regime became inevitable in 1919 and, on the other, that it could still have been averted at the time, for instance, of the Berlin traffic strike of November, 1932.

The whole-hog revolutionary movements were suppressed before the constituent assembly ever met at Weimar, but the Weimar experiment was nevertheless made, though it had become an essay in liberalism and not in Socialism. It is clear that casual visitors to Berlin in the twenties were as unaware of the activities of the Black Reichswehr as casual visitors to-day are oblivious to what is going on in People's Courts or concentration camps. But it is impossible to deny that life in Germany from 1919 to 1933 was very different from life in Germany since the Hitler regime. In Weimar days no one was afraid to express, or to read the expression of, a political, moral or aesthetic notion contrary to that of the Government. Dr. Rosenberg all but ignores cultural life, yet it is surely true, as Mr. Pascal has written, that " the dominant impression carried away by the visitor to Germany in the period of the Republic was that of the freest and most radical culture in the whole of the capitalist world," even if " what one heard and saw in Berlin was not what one heard and saw in the provinces." Weimar Germany, too, was noted for advanced experiments in education and in penal reform, experiments which have all been roughly annihilated now.

If, however, Dr. Rosenberg does less than justice to Weimar liberalism, he is perfectly right to emphasise the extraordinary fact that in the German Republic the large feudal estates were allowed to remain virtually intact, although Czechoslovakia and most of the East European countries put through agrarian reform without going Socialist. Dr. Rosenberg is also illuminating with regard to the Dawes Plan, which he describes as "the transformation of the reparations question from an instrument of French . . . . power policy into a vast international, and especially American, financial undertaking." One is startled to read to-day that " influential military circles in France (in 1924) looked upon the presence of French troops on the Rhine as the sole real security against another German attack." Dr. Rosenberg is undoubtedly right, again, in blaming Moscow for frequently misdirecting its adherents in Germany, and he is right to point out the remarkable degree to which the Weimar Republic was dogged by ill-luck—one after another, its most competent leaders were struck down by death. It may be doubted, however, whether many people will agree in condemning Rosa Luxemburg for " lower middle-class " inhibitions because she preferred to die with her Spartacists rather than take to flight.

While congratulating the translators of this book, may I register a protest against their attempted introduction of the word *Racist* into the English language? It seems to me rather horsily ambiguous.

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN


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## THE REALITY OF GOD

**God Transcendent.** By KARL HEIM. *Nisbet.* 10s.

Karl Heim, Professor in the University of Tübingen, agrees with St. Augustine that man's heart is unquiet until it rests in God. He has been occupied for several years in the composition of a work the chief object of which is to emphasise that where there's a will to seek this consummation, there's a way of arriving at it. Two of the four volumes in which the work is planned have been published in Germany, the first as long ago as 1931. *God Transcendent* is a translation of the third edition of that opening volume. The English publishers explain that the German title of it, *Glaube und Denken*, has been changed to give the English public a better idea beforehand what the book is about. Yet it is possible that it might have attracted more readers if the change had not been made. " Belief and Thought " would not have put off people who have an interest in religious philosophy, but a strong prejudice against theology. It is unfortunately true that books about God are avoided by readers who are in the most need of enlightenment on the subject, and these are the very readers Professor Heim wants to reach. He has not expounded his theory that belief in God is essentially reasonable for the benefit of those already convinced that it is, but to induce those who have rejected the belief (or as in modern Germany adulterated it with belief in blood and race, equating God with a world-force) to examine a new case for it, or rather the old case put in a new way. Put in the old way, the Catholic way, it seems to me much clearer. How does the Catholic attain certitude about God, and achieve his " I believe "? He comes to it finally by the way of revelation and grace, but in the first instance, and preparatorily, by the way of natural reason. The Vatican Council lays it down that God as the beginning and end of all things, the principle and meaning of all things, can be certainly known by the natural light of reason from the visible world, but that to go farther, and reach what He is and what He wills, we are thrown back upon His own revelation. This, as far as I can make out, is the very conclusion at which the evangelical thinker, Heim, has arrived. But I admit that the philosophical jargon he employs is so unfamiliar to me that I may have got him wrong, a possibility which occurs to me for another reason. His " devil's advocate " method of arguing is most confusing. Like Kant he rejoices in destroying with one hand the case he is building up with the other. If you can be induced to read *God Transcendent*, you must read it conscienti-

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ously. No "dipping into it" here and there. For the result of that might be a sad misconception of Heim's attitude towards God. There are chapters in which its moral and religious character is completely disguised. One would think from them that he were judge and God a suspected defendant, who has somehow or other to be found not guilty of being scientifically impossible. That is the last thing, one gathers eventually, when these chapters have been brought into conjunction with others, that one ought to think. What that is, Heim explains in the summary of his argument:

> The bare emergence of the Idea of God confronts us with an ultimate Either—Or. *Either* our forms of Intuition and Forms of Thought have final validity for the understanding of Reality, and then we must either interpret the Idea of God in the way Idolatry does, by giving value to some only relative reality, or as Pantheism does, by deifying the infinite whole of things; *or* on the other hand God is the *ens realissimum*, and then our intramundane forms of intuition have the effect of veiling the ultimate deeps of the "I," the "Thou" and the World, because God, the giver of all existence, cannot be apprehended in these forms.

Is that enough to tranquillise the unquiet heart of man? Will it open the eyes of anyone to the reality of God? It may at least suggest the possibility to him that this reality is something quite different from, and infinitely more real than, what is called reality. Philosophy can never explain God but it can point upwards from below to what revelation sends down from above.

CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN

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"First of all, boys, I want to speak about the tone of the class. It's been going down. I don't like all these easy-going asterisks I've been seeing lately. Remember, you come here to learn, not to enjoy yourselves. Well, what have you prepared?" "O don't let's do any more beastly novels to-day, sir." "Haven't you ever been young yourself, sir?" "Something's got into my blood, sir, it's either the spring or the new Herbert Read." "Be quiet, boys. Very well. To-day you shall review the novels yourselves. I'm going to give you something one of my colleagues tried with great effect on the older boys, I don't see why you youngsters in Reviewers B. shouldn't have a go. He called it the Taxi-driver's test of modern fiction. You take a page, or a paragraph of any novel and decide from the texture what sort of a book it is, or whether the author has an individual style. I know it's not the fashion nowadays; as one young writer, for instance, begins a critical book: 'I am not stating how writers should write, or even what they should write about. That is their business, not mine.' This afternoon, Hartley, we are going to make it ours." "Ours, sir?" "Hartley, what are you eating?" "*Scampi*, sir." "Wait afterwards." "Now, Gerald, read out a paragraph from *Fifty-Fifty*."

> "I have finished," said the writer, pushing his disordered hair into a more final disorder. He looked palely at the glass before him and with the air of one signing a cheque upon insufficient funds, drank the contents at a gulp. His large, luminous eyes became larger and more luminous.
>
> "You seem to have been pretty busy," the reader commented, looking at the strewn table.
>
> "The last chapter," the writer explained, "and what a cad! Never do I remember a chapter being more beastly to me. Has the paper spared me an instant of trouble by remaining clean? Not it. Has my pencil broken four times since breakfast? It has. Did the characters form an illicit attachment for one another overnight? They did. Ignoring my wishes for eternal separation, they are now setting out towards everlasting happiness in a canoe. Damn their eyes."
>
> "You—er—write?" said the reader. "How very interesting."
>
> "Very," the writer responded grimly.

"Now, Gerald, what can you say about that?" "Nothing, sir, except that it's brilliantly funny, and shows she's a jolly good story-teller. It's got me on the hip and on the hop, sir." "Anything else, about the style perhaps?" "Oh, you mean genius and all that." "Please, sir, I know." "Go on, Wyndham." "Sir, the Child-Mind first of all, the writer's never grown up, the chapter's beastly to him, the paper's horrid, the pencil's cruel, then he so obviously *is* a writer, pale, disordered hair, luminous eyes, and he boasts about his characters behaving independently from him, to show he's an Artist, and he's whimsical and facetious and pretends to be a regular bear ('damn their eyes,' and 'grimly'), he's Christopher Robin grown up into a shaggy, busy, tender Hampstead artist-man." "Very good, Wyndham; one might add then that the authoress shows a natural magaziny aptitude for underlining the obvious in phrase and feeling. In fact, now altogether boys, she's MIDDLEBROW!

"This one's harder, I'm afraid; Wal Hewpole, you shall read it."

> At about two o'clock in the afternoon the German fleet was enclosed and helpless, and the British ships dropped anchor, some fifteen miles off the Firth of Forth. The utter, irrevocable ruin and disgrace of the German Navy were consummated. And at that moment the drum stopped beating and was no more heard.
>
> But those who had heard it—Admiral, Captain, Commander, other officers and men of all ratings—held then and hold now one belief as to that rolling music. They believe that the sound they heard was that of "Drake's Drum": the audible manifestation of the spirit of the great sea-captain, present at this hour of the tremendous triumph of Britain on the seas. This is the firm belief of them all.
>
> It may be so. It may be that Drake did quit the Port of Heaven in a ship of fire, and driving the Germans across the sea with the flame of his spirit, drummed them down to their pitiful and shameful doom.

"Well, Wally, what do you make of it?" "He writes beautifully of a somewhat eerie experience—as to the veracity of the story, I can only say, there are more things in. . . ." "Not what I wanted, Hewpole. California must be getting you down. Mr. Machen specialises in spook stuff, the stories in this book have been written over forty years, and they stand or fall by whether they are convincing. On the whole they aren't convincing, because the author tries too hard to mystify his audience and get them into the mood when they will accept one of his dabs at the supernatural. But his patter is too mechanical, there are too many dolmens, menhirs, old parchments, runic stones. The best story is the last, about Poe. In the piece I have quoted the author has somehow got to get across the fantastic idea that Drake beat his drum when the German ships were sunk at Scapa Flow. He doesn't believe it himself, so he has to cheat, and he cheats by trying to get the reader into a solemn patriotic verdict-of-history churchy mood. It's all very Oxford Book of English Prose, and there will be many people whom the false epigraphic simplicity, and the careful repetitions ('held then and hold now one belief. . . . This is the firm belief') will take in."

"*Impassioned Pygmies*. Any ideas, boys?" "Powerful, sir?" "Oxford, sir?" "What's the hero's name, sir?" "A good question, C.C. His name is Saul—Saul Marius. I'll read you what he looks like."

> The woman had been watching him for some time. Already she had undressed him several times in her mind, for she had thought, accurately enough, that he would be worth undressing. Now she was watching his face. She considered it fiercely arresting. His eyes are like a cat's. Deep and yellow. They blaze and yet they are quiet. They frighten, she thought with pleasure. Is the large mouth cruel or kind? I should like to put my hands round that fine neck. Why is his face so still?
>
> Saul called the waiter. For the woman there was excitement in the slow beauty of his voice. . . . He gave her a long unembarrassed stare.

"Now what do you think of that, C.C.?" "I think it's terrible, sir. I think the superman kind of wish-fulfilment is the worst of the lot and I don't like 'fiercely arresting.'" "Thank you, boy, and I thought it terrible myself, especially when I found that four other people in the book are in love with him. But all the same, it's rather an extraordinary novel. To begin with, it's about very unusual people, a famous writer who is dying on a Mediterranean island, he has written many controversial books, doesn't like England, has lived in Mexico and Australia, has a big Norwegian wife, and five disciples who live with him and write quarrelsome biographies when he's dead. Got him?" "I think so, sir." "And in the next villa lives the most successful young dramatist in the world, who started with wicked comedies and is getting sterner all the time, and who has green eyes and a metallic voice and a wonderful smile. Guessed him?" "Yes,

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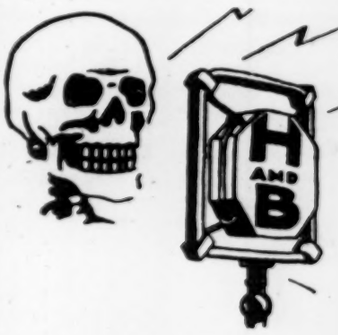


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sir." "Well then, there we have the novel, a story of the extraordinary effect of Saul's cold ruthless swordblade personality, dominant and intellectual, on the great writer, the famous dramatist, and on a woman. What do you think he brings, boys?" "TRAGEDY." "Exactly. I'm afraid Saul's altogether too Rugby-and-Balliol for me, but it's an interesting novel, the writer and the dramatist are very well handled, and the disciples brilliantly mishandled. I don't think the author realises that arrogance is an adolescent quality, not a virtue, or that the vulgarity which is always latent in the theatre is much more easily spotted in fiction, but it's an unusual, if exasperating novel, I suppose my predecessor would have given it a star. Good heavens! There's only ten minutes left! We must get through the other books quickly. *Express to the East* is a translation from the Dutch—a good, readable, and rather disturbing novel about Macedonia, where, you doubtless remember P. Q.—sit up, and put those three dots away—the *comitadjis* revolted against the Turks, only to be incorporated as part of three other countries, instead of becoming an independent one after the war. So they went on revolting till what had been a long and hopeless struggle for liberty became simply an affair of rival gangs assassinating each other in cafés.

"*His Patients Died* is a novel about Euthanasia, but it is also a very good thriller as well, and contains some admirable and alarming satire on Harley Street. It's a sly, expert, unsettling, ironical book with plenty of excitement, and I enjoyed it very much indeed. Are you taking this class, Partridge, or am I?

"*The Sound Wagon* is a long and intricate satire of American political life. It takes some getting into, but is quite worth it. It is one of the few really mature pieces of American satire I have read, and is not noisy or uproarious, but a quiet, venomous, heavy, and improbable and very well documented piece of writing."

"Time's up, sir." "I know that as well as you, now run along boys. All except you, Hartley; and bring those *scampi* here. They're a kind of prawn aren't they . . . ?" CYRIL CONNOLLY

## LONDON SIGHTS

**Words for To-night.** By GEORGE BUCHANAN. *Constable.* 5s.

Several years ago Mr. George Buchanan wrote a book called *Passage Through the Present*. It was an attempt to reflect, in the form of a diary, the criss-cross of everyday life in London: milk-carts and postmen in the suburbs, the morning newspaper, juries of blackcoats occupying their accustomed carriages on the 8.15, business, lunch hours, tennis parties, walks in the park or into the movies—that was the section of life which Mr. Buchanan set out to depict in brief sharp paragraphs. Up to a point he succeeded: the book was varied and often refreshing. He had the courage to grapple with commonplaces, which is not easy, but at the same time I felt that he did not always avoid being commonplace himself. Many of the snapshots were vivid: the personal comments of Mr. Buchanan (this bourgeois age, what should a poet do? etc.) were sometimes strained and pretentious. The same two tendencies can be seen in his new book *Words for To-night*: admirable reporting, commentary less sure. The prose gets out of focus when Mr. Buchanan starts to moralise:

> In oneself . . . the iron hardness that will not be broken, a strengthening bar (is it good?) that life assaults. Hence the need of the child at the feet on entering the home to enforce sweetness, compel a smile, a relenting.

That would be more briefly and better written "Home sweet home"; but "Home sweet home" is not the sort of phrase which Mr. Buchanan wants to put into his diary as coming from himself, so he twists his phrases. Whenever his writing becomes contorted in this way, the thought underlying it is commonplace: that is his chief fault, which he should guard against. But he has many good qualities—lively interests, a quick eye, an occasional touch of poetry—and the necessity of writing a newspaper diary three times a week ("Brevier" in the *News Chronicle*) has kept him alert to public events as well as personal oddities. The description of Mr. Neville Chamberlain reading his Budget speech, with which the book opens, is as vivid as cartoon. Mr. Buchanan does the round of common London sights—all-in wrestling, fun fairs, the Zoo on Thursday nights, crowds, streets, teashops, the river—extremely well. For anyone who lives or has ever lived in London his book revives familiar scenes, faces and intonations with an agreeable freshness. Time after time the reader finds himself exclaiming: "Why, I've noticed that myself!" and wondering why he has not thought it worth noticing until it flashes up on Mr. Buchanan's page. G. W. S.

## SHORTER NOTICES

**Essays on Examinations.** By Various Authors. *Macmillan.* 5s.

The latest publication of the International Institute Examinations Enquiry is a valuable addition to the small body of accurate and unprejudiced educational history. The Examination of Examinations which the same committee sent out last year created a sensation. This book is less sensational, but equally important. Each essayist is a first-class authority on his subject. Sir Michael Sadler writes on the Scholarship System in England up to 1890. Dr. Delisle Burns discusses examinations and the Social Needs of the Modern World. Professor Cyril Burt outlines the history of psychological tests in this country. Dr. Ballard deals with the "Special Place" examination which is the bogy of the elementary school and the weakest spot in our rickety educational "ladder." There is an essay on Technical School Certificates, another on the School Certificate examination in English composition, a note by Professor Spearman on "reliability" and "validity" in tests, and forty pages on the history of the Leaving examination in Prussia up to the present day. Everyone who cares about the condition of education to-day should read these expert diagnoses of its worst disease.

# About Motoring

## DETAIL DESIGN OF NEW ROADS

MANY hundreds of miles of road will be built or reconstructed in the next five years. It is enormously important that some of the blunders of the past should not be repeated and perpetuated. First and foremost, two classes of road user have a genuine grievance in respect of many roads constructed in the last ten years, because neither cyclists nor pedestrians have been considered in some of the schemes. Motorists complain very bitterly of cyclists in two main respects, namely, that they persist in riding abreast, and so absorbing an unreasonable proportion of the available width, and that they ride too far out from the kerb. If an observant motorist scrutinises the edges of many modern roads, he will perceive why cyclists often leave a wide gap between their wheels and the kerb; that yard of surface which fringes the road is often so lumpy that it inflicts discomfort on the occupants of a fully sprung motor car if the wheels run close in towards the kerb. The yard strip at the edge of every road should be, if anything, smoother than the rest of the surface, if we wish cyclists to ride on it, for they are more poorly insulated from road shocks than any road user except the farm cart. Moreover, since cyclists naturally enjoy company and conversation as much as anybody else, and stand in greater need of such solace to lighten the labour of their propulsion, we cannot reasonably expect them to ride in Indian file, any more than we could compel all motorists to buy *monoposto* coachwork. Unless they are allotted special cycling tracks, which for some mysterious reason many of them detest, they should be furnished with a smooth strip at the edge of the road wide enough to take two of them in comfort without cramping other traffic unduly. There is, of course, something to be said in favour of forbidding them to ride three or four abreast, just as the width of motor vehicles is limited. The pedestrian has an even greater grievance on some of these new roads, for he is not always offered any accommodation at all; and to walk on the fairway, especially at dusk or in the dark, is a really terrifying experience nowadays. How often we encounter a great modern road which has cost millions of pounds, and consists of a huge strip clean across the country, with a surface fit for roller-skating. Yet its edging strips, where we should expect to find a level sidewalk, remind one of the devastated areas in Flanders. There is a neat concrete kerb, suggestive of an asphalte boulevard, but on the side of the kerb remote from the road we find heaps of rubble, pits, telegraph posts, derelict roots of great trees, and other obstacles. It is small wonder that the pedestrian is prejudiced against the car. The pedestrian's most perilous and painful hell occurs frequently where a quondam country lane has blossomed into a busy motoring thoroughfare. No powers have been obtained to annex a strip of land from adjacent landowners to construct a sidewalk. Ten years ago such lanes were fringed with an ill-defined sidewalk of sorts, on which walkers strolled in comfort, undisturbed by the thin and leisurely traffic of the day. Nowadays the carriage way extends from hedge to hedge; the walker has neither place nor peace on the widened road, but must keep his eyes skinned, and be perpetually prepared to flatten his vulnerable person against the hedge when a temporary congestion of fast, heavy traffic may occur level with him.

# ILLEGAL TENDER

**The gripping story of a plausible rogue**

*Sunday Referee*

**"An excellent yarn."**

*Birmingham Gazette*

**"If a test of an acceptable novelist is to write a story which one must read to the end because of its human quality, Mr. Vicar passes with honours."**

*Morning Post*

**"Has a villain so entirely unmitigated . . . that the reader loses all moral sense, growing more and more interested in following his almost daily crimes. . . . By the time that he is providentially dead one has got almost fond of him. . . . The book is not the cheaply sensational stuff that it may sound. It is excellently written and well worked out."** *7/6 net*

**by EDWARD C. VICAR**

SELWYN & BLOUNT

# STRANGE GLORY

## L. H. MYERS

**"Mr. Myers has written a short novel of restrained and certain—one might well say classic—beauty."** *Times Literary Supplement.*

**"Let me recommend 'Strange Glory' to every reader intelligent and critical enough to find the average modern novel heavy going."**

*Peter Quennell, The New Statesman.*

**"This is a notable book by one of the finest minds of our times."**

*Francis Iles, Daily Telegraph.*

PUTNAM

# WHY I SMOKE THREE NUNS

*by the Vicar*

*First*, for its fragrance. *Second*, for its coolness. *Third*, for its economy. This good Three Nuns burns so slowly, and is so entirely free from dust or waste, that I might easily pay less for my tobacco and yet be out of pocket.

# THREE NUNS

*The original tobacco of curious cut—1/2½d. an oz.*

"KING'S HEAD" IS SIMILAR, BUT A TRIFLE FULLER

279

*Issued by* STEPHEN MITCHELL & SON, *Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., St. Andrew Square, Glasgow*

Is it too much to hope that more attention will be paid to the banking of corners? The typical road rises to a central crown, and this cross-section is normally maintained when the road rounds a bend. Assume such a bend to swing to our left in the direction of traffic. Its camber then assists us to round the corner, and almost eliminates steering—the car will be swung round the bend by the camber. But traffic from the opposite direction will encounter a hostile camber, tending to swing it clean off the road into the ditch, wall, or whatever bounds the road on our right. If oncoming traffic clings to its proper side, steering will become difficult and even uncertain, so that such traffic tends to negotiate the corner on the crown of the road, or in other words to "cut the corner," and reduce its width for all practical purposes. On the Continent, where realism is greater than in these islands, road engineers are increasingly "banking" their corners in a more or less level slope from the outside of the corner's radius down towards the inside. This construction enables traffic in *both* directions to swing round the bend automatically without effort, and encourages traffic on the outside of the bend to corner without "cutting." In Great Britain there is a widespread prejudice against such banking. It is true that the conversion of a "crown-banked" corner to a "radius-banked" corner is slightly expensive; but the gain in safety is well worth the cost. Nor is the expense terrific. All modern road gangs dispose of a steam excavator, which hurls huge chunks of bank into lorries for removal. To convert a crown-banked corner into a radius-banked corner such an excavator has only to dig out the earth on the inside of the bend and to transfer it to the outside, though some provision for drainage water on the inside may be needed. The task is cheap and easy if undertaken at the initial modernisation of the road. It is less easy if tackled years later in the form of converting an already modernised road with deep concrete foundations and inserted metal grids. I have in mind two such corners, both of which have produced a regular crop of accidents for many years past. Both of them were slightly banked on the radius principle two years ago, since when both bends have been immune from accidents. To paint white or yellow guiding lines on such a corner is pure mockery, unless the constructing engineer makes it easy for traffic to observe the lines. I believe the prejudice against "radius-banking" still perceptible in many quarters is an ignorant suspicion that the real objective of "radius-banking" is to enable motor vehicles to take these corners faster, since "radius-banking" is an element of race track construction. Actually, of course, all sane motorists—and the sane motorist is after all a vast majority—automatically prick their ears when visibility is shortened at the approach to a bend; and they have no desire to accelerate, but merely wish to take the corner in safety and as perfectly as possible. Many cars are still rather heavy to steer, notably some of the cheaper cars, all neglected cars, and many of the less refined but rather weighty vehicles. Some of these stiff-steerers are handled by weak women and old men; and considerable force is required to get them round the outside of a crown-banked corner at quite moderate speeds.

R. E. DAVIDSON

# Week-end Competitions

## No. 315

**Set by Sylvia Lynd**

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for A Caustic Comment on the Disturbers of the London Citizen's Peace, Domestic and Foreign. The Comment should be in verse, not more than thirty lines in length, and should contain the line or lines:

"Mosley to Right of him,
Strachey to Left of him,"

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, April 3rd.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 313

**Set by Moreton Marsh**

Herr Hitler's "Mein Kampf" has been translated into Chinese and published in Nanking. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best extract from a Chinese review of this product of the Occident.

**Report by Moreton Marsh**

This was disappointing. Readers may have been reluctant to compete from fear of doing anything to disturb the week-end equilibrium attained at St. James's Palace; or they may never have read *Mein Kampf*; or they may have felt this was not a matter for joking about. But the fact remains that entries were few and achievement was patchy. True, I know very little myself about the standards and manner of reviewing in Nanking. But I had a vague, romantic idea of philosophic serenity and stylistic elegance, to which I hoped competitors would give visible form. One or two—honourable mention to "Jane" and Harry Broadbent—achieved the serenity nicely enough; and Dorothy Jacobs was at any rate original by printing her seventeen-word blurb in perpendicular form:

"renowned
struggle
poem
by
Mr.
Hi
Tler . . ."

But nobody really earned a prize by the standards of these competitions, and the near-winners must console themselves with the thought that the number of this problem has an unlucky look about it. In fact, I recommend that no prize be awarded. But I venture to suggest to the Editor that, with the guineas thus saved, he procure from Nanking a copy of the Chinese translation in question, and induce Mr. Arthur Waley to review it *alsbald*.

## CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 170.—THE PROCLAMATION OF KING NUMERICUS

"To-morrow is the fifty-second anniversary of Our accession. . . . We ordain that this anniversary, and such others as are set out in the first Schedule to this Proclamation, be and are hereby appointed as days of Special Rejoicing—such as was last observed on the occasion of the forty-ninth anniversary of Our accession. . . .

"We ordain further that such anniversaries of our accession as are set out in the second Schedule to this Proclamation, being (according to our analysis) doubly fortunate be and are hereby appointed as days of Extra Special Rejoicing.

"Given under Our hand and seal at Our court at Arithmos, Apl. 1, 1936.

"FIRST SCHEDULE.

The 56th, 57th, 62nd, 65th, 67th, 73rd, 84th and 86th anniversaries of Our accession.

"SECOND SCHEDULE. . . . ."

*What anniversaries were prescribed in the second Schedule?*

PROBLEM 168.—UNCLE'S CAR

You never can tell with these problems.

The dog of a solver who tried out Mr. Stripp's exercise took nearly half an hour. Others have taken "five minutes," "two minutes" (!) and "please Sir, did it in my head."

(They won't be so fortunate with Problem 170.)

The answer is EGM5915.

*N.B.*—One reader informs me that three letter designations are not yet used with four-figure numbers.

PROBLEM 167.—MISS CUTIEVILLE 1936

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Penelope Gadsby, 95 Shrewsbury Road, Forest Gate, E.7.

*Five* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

# London Amusements

## MATINEES

*All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.*

**ALDWYCH.** The Dominant Sex. Wed., Sat.

**ALHAMBRA.** Weds. and Sats.
The Show That Jack Built.

**APOLLO.** The Last of the Ladies. Wed., Sat.

**COLISEUM.** "Twenty to One." Wed. & Sat.

**CRITERION.** Rosmersholm. Tues.
Hedda Gabler. Thur. & Sat.
A Doll's House. Wed. & Fri.

**DUCHESS.** Night Must Fall. Thurs. & Sat.

**GARRICK.** Two Mrs. Carrolls. Tues., Sat.

**GLOBE.** "Call It a Day." Wed., Th. & Sat.

**HIPPODROME.** Please Teacher! Th., Sat.

**LYRIC.** Tovarich. Wed. & Th.

**MERCURY.** Murder in the Cathedral. F., S.

**PHOENIX.** "To-night at 8.30." Tues. & Sat.

**PLAYHOUSE.** "Mary Tudor." Th. & Sat.

**ST. JAMES'.** 'Pride and Prejudice.' W. & S.

**ST. MARTIN'S.** No Exit. Tues. & Fri.

**SAVOY.** Wisdom Teeth. Mon. & Thurs.

**SHAFTESBURY.** "Promise." Wed. & Sat.

**STRAND.** 1066 and All That. Tues. & Sat.

**WHITEHALL.** Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

## THEATRES

**ALDWYCH.** 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
LONDON'S LONGEST RUN. (16th MONTH.)

**ALHAMBRA.** Evgs., 6.15 & 9. Weds. & Sats., 2.30.
THE SHOW THAT JACK BUILT.
RANDOLPH SUTTON, JIMMY JAMES, FRANK RANDLE.
Prices (including tax) 10s. 6d. to 1s. 3d. Whitehall 2525.

**APOLLO.** Gerrard 2663.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
WILLIAM FRESHMAN'S COMEDY,
THE LAST OF THE LADIES.

**COLISEUM.** Tem. Bar 3161. EVGS., 6.25 & 9.
Mats., Weds. & Sats. at 2.30.
"TWENTY TO ONE."
THE SIDE-SPLITTING MUSICAL SPORTING FARCE.
LUPINO LANE, CLIFFORD MOLLISON.

**CRITERION.** Whi. 3844. 8.30. Tues., Th., Sat., 2.30.
LEON M. LION presents
in association with ARTS THEATRE OF CAMBRIDGE
A CYCLE OF IBSEN 1879–1892.
ROSMERSHOLM. Mar. 30–April 1. Tues., 2.30.
HEDDA GABLER. April 2–4. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
2 Special Mats., A DOLL'S HOUSE. April 1 & 3.
Week commencing April 6th,
THE MASTER BUILDER.
Nightly, 8.30, Matinees, Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

**DUCHESS.** (Tem. 8243.) 8.30, Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL
ANGELA BADDELEY MAY WHITTY

**GARRICK.** EVGS., 8.30. MATS., Tues., Sat., 2.30.
ELENA MIRAMOVA
THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.
CATHLEEN NESBITT. HUGH MILLER.

**GLOBE.** Ger. 1592. Evgs., 8.15 Sharp.
Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

**HIPPODROME.** Ger. 3272.
Evgs. at 8.15. Mats., Thur. and Sats., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
"PLEASE TEACHER!"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

**LYRIC.** (Ger. 3686.) 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER presents
TOVARICH.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.

**MERCURY.** Nottg. Hill Gate. 2s. 6d. to 6s. Park 1000.
Now Nightly (except Mons.) at 8.30. Fri., Sat., 2.30.
MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.
By T. S. Eliot. Robert Speaight as Becket.
"The one great play by a contemporary dramatist now to be seen in England."—*The Times.* (22nd WEEK.)
Closed Holy Week. Extra Mats., April 15, 16, 22, 23.
Every SUNDAY at 9, BALLET CLUB.

**PHOENIX.** Tem. 8611. 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE. NOEL COWARD.
"TO-NIGHT AT 8.30."
Three Plays by Noel Coward.

**PLAYHOUSE.** 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30. Whi. 7774.
FLORA ROBSON in
"MARY TUDOR."
JOYCE BLAND. LAWRENCE ANDERSON.

**ST. JAMES'.** (Whitehall 3903.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER and MAX GORDON present
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."

**ST. MARTIN'S.** Tem. 1443. 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.
ROBERT DOUGLAS in
NO EXIT.
CYRIL RAYMOND. GILLIAN LIND. RONALD SIMPSON.

**SAVOY.** (Tem. 8888.) 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.
BEATRIX THOMSON in
WISDOM TEETH.
EDITH SHARPE, RONALD ADAM, MARTIN LEWIS.

**SHAFTESBURY.** Ger. 6666.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MADGE TITHERADGE, EDNA BEST,
RALPH RICHARDSON, Ann Todd, Robert Harris in
"PROMISE."

**STRAND.** (Tem. 2660.) LAST TWO WEEKS.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Sat., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT.
"THIS JOYOUS JOKE."—*Daily Telegraph.*

**WHITEHALL.** Smoking. (Whitehall 6692.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

## PICTURE THEATRES

**ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St.** Ger. 2081.
LAST WEEK of Dostoievsky's
"CRIME ET CHATIMENT" (A).
with HARRY BAUR and PIERRE BLANCHAR.
Com. April 2nd, *LIEBESMELODIE* (A).

**EVERYMAN** (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn. Ham 2284)
Mon. next, March 30th, for Seven Days.
EMIL JANNINGS in
THE OLD AND THE NEW KING (A).
Also *THE MARCH OF TIME, NO. 5.*

**North London Film Society.** SUN., April 5th, at MONSEIGNEUR CINEMA, Piccadilly, W., 2.15.
MEN AND JOBS.
(A new Soviet film of Russia in construction).
Apply now for tickets (2/6), to Sec., 6 Carysfort Rd., N.16.

## ART GALLERY

PAINTINGS EXECUTED IN "GOYA" OIL COLOURS.
NEW BURLINGTON GALLERIES. 3-5 Burlington Gdns., W.1. 10–5 Daily. Adm. 1s., incl. catalogue, in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

## RESTAURANTS

WHAT'S left of the right people and what's right of the left people all meet at RULES, Maiden Lane, for Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

REALLY nice Omelettes, Waffles, Maryland chicken—quiet—quick service at MRS. COOK'S, Denman Street, facing Regent Palace Hotel.

## DANCE

F.P.S.I. Dance at the Suffolk Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, on Friday, March 27th, 1936. 8.30 to 1 a.m. Admission: 2s. 6d. Members; 3s. Non-members. To be paid at the door.

## REPERTORY THEATRES

**CROYDON** Repertory.
Nightly at 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
Full House. By Ivor Novello.

**LIVERPOOL** Playhouse.
Evenings 7.45. Saturday 2.30.
Grief Goes Over. By Merton Hodge.

**MANCHESTER** Repertory.
Evenings, 7.30.
Give Us This Day. By Walter Greenwood.

**NORTHAMPTON** Repertory.
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
The Adding Machine. By Elmer Rice.

*The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of* The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 44 Archway Road, London, N.19. ARC 3845.*

## LUNCHEON

ANTI-NOISE LEAGUE LUNCHEON, WHITEHALL ROOMS, 30th March. Chairman: Lord Horder. Speaker: Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis. Tickets 6s. 6d. Anti-Noise League, 66 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

## MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED, Linguaphone French Course, reasonable. BOX 98, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

NEW SUITS FOR OLD. Send your favourite suit or sports jacket and we will copy it exactly in any of our John Peel Tweeds. Send for patterns post free. Prices: complete suit 87s. 6d., jacket 47s. 6d. SAMUEL REDMAYNE AND SONS, No. 10, Wigton, Cumberland. Est. 1868.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS. £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

MACKIE'S CASTLE SHORTBREAD
becomes more popular every day.
It is packed in tins, two sizes,
and is sent by inland post for
3s. and 5s. 6d.
J. W. MACKIE & SONS LTD.
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh, 2.

SCHOOL HOLIDAYS. Boys and girls would be welcomed at Pinewood, Crowborough, Sussex. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

## PERSONAL

MAN of 40 with £10,000, ex-public school, ex-officer (Sapper), student and practitioner scientific management principles, married, small family, after 16 years abroad in administrative position of responsibility, continuously with large commercial undertaking, desiring settle England, wishes to HEAR of opening where investment coupled with ability, integrity, ideas and energy would obtain secure scope for active, useful, remunerative future. Industrial or Commercial, not Agricultural, opening required. Box 85, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TRUSTEES and others. University lecturer with 3 small sons would welcome small girl in home. Box 102, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG woman would like meet another, find and share flat, Hampstead. Box 106, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

HEALTH—PHYSICAL and MENTAL—by natural methods. Osteopathy, nature-cure, dietetics, psychology. F. BLAKE, M.N.C.A. DORIS HARGREAVES M.N.C.A., 39 Nottingham Place, W.1. Welbeck 2039.

ARTIFICIAL SUN BATHING, Nudist Lines, both sexes, Central London Indoor Club-Solarium. Ultra-violet insolation. Prevents winter colds, rheumatics. Congenial Society, Exercises. Badminton, Socials. Box 34, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PARIS XVI. Widow and daughter offer two comfortable rooms; French lessons. Fcs. 1,000 monthly. Box 65, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

## "SMALLS"

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Single insertions | 1/6 | per line |
| Three " | 1/5 | per line / per insertion |
| Thirteen " | 1/4 | per line / per insertion |

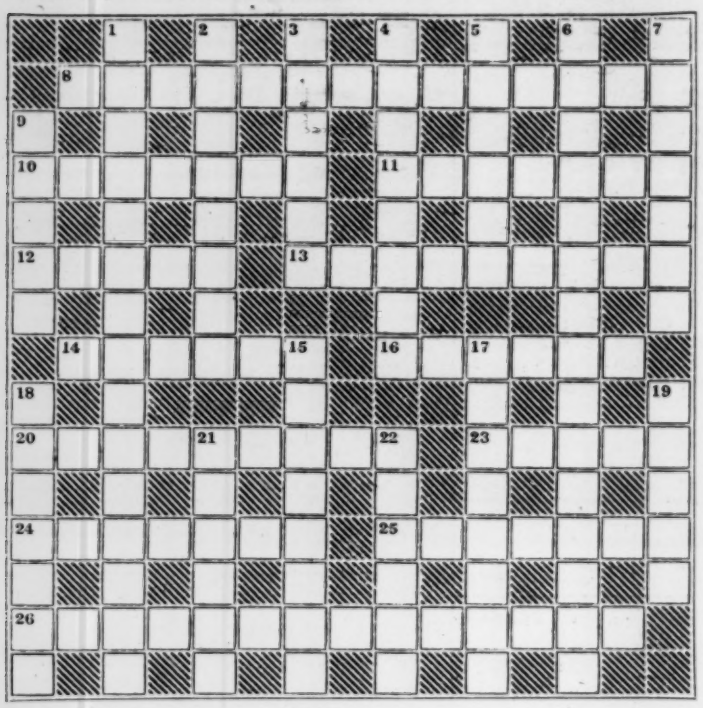
*A line averages seven words.*

Instructions should be received not later than first post Wednesday.

NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1

## WEEK-END CROSSWORD 316

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
D'Arcy Addy, Elsworth, Cambridge

ACROSS

8. The shady kid was one to drink.
10. Neckwear for China, sportively speaking.
11. "Concurrently" offended perhaps.
12. He was "unpacked" in the jungle.
13. The mother of Billy's kids?
14. Constituted by the issue.
16. This is not a way to "box" the ears.
20. When the convict breaks not down but up.
23. Falstaff said that Shallow in this condition was "like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife."
24. Tear the tear.
25. Slight treatment.
26. It looks as if mother dropped the spuds.

DOWN

1. Should be known by the literary place hunter.
2. The Government Department concerned hopes that it will become a Vote.
3. Instruction to wear fewer clothes.
4. I hold the fish over the net.
5. Result of being too small minded.
6. She suggests cannibal domestic arrangements.
7. It's below the orchestra.
9. His was a scholarly razor.
15. Where babes in the wood should be cradled.
17. The men of Gaza might have called Samson such a vagabond.
18. A good moment for those of a retiring disposition.
19. The turn of the tides.
21. Eats the food and catches the bits.
22. A timely memorandum.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| R | A | C | E | ■ | P | A | C | K | O | F | L | I | E | S |
| O | ■ | R | ■ | S | ■ | N | ■ | I | ■ | A | ■ | N | ■ | A |
| S | H | E | E | T | B | E | N | D | ■ | S | E | V | E | N |
| E | ■ | A | ■ | A | ■ | M | ■ | ■ | H | ■ | E | ■ | D | ■ |
| P | I | M | E | N | T | O | ■ | C | L | I | E | N | T | ■ |
| E | ■ | ■ | D | ■ | M | ■ | O | ■ | O | ■ | T | ■ | S | ■ |
| T | U | B | ■ | S | T | E | A | M | E | N | G | I | N | E |
| A | ■ | O | ■ | ■ | T | ■ | M | ■ | ■ | ■ | O | ■ | T | ■ |
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| S | ■ | K | ■ | R | ■ | R | ■ | N | ■ | L | ■ | ■ | ■ | L |
| ■ | B | R | A | I | N | S | ■ | S | E | A | S | I | D | E |
| C | ■ | E | ■ | P | ■ | ■ | E | ■ | T | ■ | M | ■ | M | ■ |
| L | A | S | S | O | ■ | C | I | N | G | E | R | A | L | E |
| E | ■ | T | ■ | L | ■ | I | ■ | S | ■ | S | ■ | G | ■ | N |
| F | I | S | H | I | N | G | N | E | T | ■ | F | E | E | T |


### APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

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# THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

AMERICAN COMMON AND PREFERRED SHARES—MY RECOMMENDATIONS REVIEWED AND REVISED—ZINC CORPORATION AND IMPERIAL SMELTING—SHAREHOLDERS' PROTECTION

THE stock markets in London are dull and uninteresting: let us look at New York. Whenever Wall Street has an attack of nerves it usually excuses itself by talking of a European war and the repatriation of European money. I wish that Wall Street would get into its head that we do not sell our American shares when Hitler frightens us—we buy more. We shall only sell our American holdings when we consider them dear or when the American Government frightens us away by unreasonable taxation of the foreign investor. A Wall Street commentator whose weekly letter I always enjoy writes: "American speculators are bound to sell on a war scare, however illogical it may be, because the rest of the public is apt to be illogical and to sell when war is talked about." As Mr. Keynes has said: "The object of the most skilled investor to-day is to beat the gun, to outwit the crowd and to pass the bad or depreciated half-crown to the other fellow." Wall Street, however, will soon shake off its European war scare and begin discounting the spring recovery in business. A reader asks me whether he should take his profit on some of the shares I recommended when I returned from America last December. Even if it is assumed that the market as a whole has not yet fully discounted the anticipated recovery in business over the next four months, I would advise my reader to take some profits in any burst of strength that the market may have between now and the end of May. After May, when Americans become absorbed in their political fight, I would not be in the market except in special situations. The following table shows the prices at which I recommended the six shares in December, the present market prices and current dividends and earnings yields:

| | Price Dec. 14. | Present Price. | 1935 Earnings. | Current Dividend. | Yield on 1935 Earnings. | Yield on Dividends. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | $ | $ | | |
| Anaconda .. .. | 28¼ | 35 | 1.29 | 1.00 | 3.69 | 2.86 |
| Borg-Warner .. | 62¼ | 81¼ | 5.89 | 3.00 | 7.25 | 3.69 |
| Caterpillar Tractor .. | 56 | 72⅞ | 3.16 | 2.00 | 4.34 | 2.75 |
| First Boston .. .. | 52¼ | 50¼ | 6.61 | 3.00 | 13.15 | 5.97 |
| Great Northern .. | 34½ | 37* | 2.87 | — | 7.76 | — |
| Phillips Petroleum .. | 36⅞ | 45⅝ | 3.23 | 2.00 | 7.16 | 4.43 |
| Western Union .. | 70¼ | 88 | 5.03 | 2.00 | 5.72 | 2.27 |
| Westinghouse Electric | 90⅛ | 115 | 4.49 | 3.00 | 3.90 | 2.61 |

* Ex rights of $3 per share.

* * *

It is curious that the only share in this list which has not behaved decently is the one with the highest earnings and dividend yields, namely First Boston Corporation. This share lacks marketability, having what is called an "over the counter market." Moreover, as the company makes its basic revenue from trading in Government bonds, investors may think that the company will collapse if the Government bond market goes to pieces. Actually, the Government bond market is still in sound health—Mr. Roosevelt's present urge to curtail abnormal spending and balance his budget is all in its favour—and the First Boston is still actively engaged with the underwriting syndicates in converting industrial bond issues. The shares should be worth at least $60, but whether they will reach that figure I cannot say. Profits might be taken on all the other shares in the next burst of strength with the exception of Phillips Petroleum and Western Union, which still have great possibilities. Whatever happens in the elections the oil industry is going ahead and the Americans are going to waste a lot of money on cabling and sending telegrams. Wall Street estimates that Phillips Petroleum is now making profits at double the rate of 1935, and that Western Union may earn as much as $7 per share in 1936. This may be too bullish, but at any rate the earnings of both these companies are still moving upward.

* * *

Before leaving Wall Street I must review the preferred shares which I have recommended in the past six months.

| Preferred Shares. | Recommended (Oct.) at. | Present Price. | Arrears of Dividends (Gross).† |
|---|---|---|---|
| American Chain 7% .. .. | 106 | 125 | $22¾ |
| Associated Dry Goods $6 1st .. | 106 | 109 | $7½ |
| Associated Dry Goods 7% 2nd | 88 | 103 | $26½ |
| Pure Oil 6% .. .. .. | 103 | 115 | $17½ |
| Pure Oil 8% .. .. .. | 108 | 130 | $23½ |
| Radio $5 "B" .. .. | 71 | 98½ | $21½ |
| Skelly Oil 6% .. .. .. | 90 | 122 | $28½ |
| Spang Chalfant 6% .. .. | 88 | 107 | $14½ |
| Wheeling Steel 6% .. .. | 83 | 103½ | $24½ |

† These arrears of dividend, if paid in cash, will be subject to British income tax when brought to account in England.

Having regard to exchange, taxation and other risks common to investments in the United States the British investor should avoid holding American preferred shares merely for an income yield of 5 per cent. to 6 per cent., that is, if the prospects of considerable capital appreciation no longer exist. Profits on all these shares might be taken with the exception of Wheeling Steel and Radio Corporation "B" preferred. (This applies particularly to Skelly, which have just lost two oil refining patent suits involving millions of dollars.) Holders of Radio "B" preferred are being offered 1¼ shares of new $3.50 convertible first preferred stock plus one share of common stock for each share of "B" preferred. The new convertible preferred will be callable at $100 and will be convertible for a period of five years into five shares of common stock. The present price of Radio common is $13 and of the new Radio $3.50 convertible preferred $76. The arbitrageur should therefore be buying the old "B" preferred shares at 98½ if only to make a profit of 5½ points on the exchange.

* * *

Mr. Runciman stated in the House of Commons last week that if the negotiations for an international cartel among the zinc producers did not succeed the Government would review the position of the import duty, which is at present 12*s.* 6*d.* per ton. This remark seems just to have penetrated Australia, which began buying Zinc Corporation shares heavily this week (present price 68*s.*; recommended at 40*s.* 7½*d.* and again at 52*s.* 6*d.*). Whether there is to be a cartel or a higher import duty, the price of zinc is trending upwards. At the beginning of January it was £14 13*s.* 0*d.* per ton, at the beginning of February it was £15 2*s.* 6*d.* and to-day it is £15 18*s.* 9*d.* For Zinc Corporation, however, it is lead which accounts for more than half the revenue, not zinc. The price of zinc is of far greater importance to the Imperial Smelting Corporation, whose shares—now 18*s.*—I recommended in September last at 14*s.* 9*d.* Imperial Smelting is a holding company which owns the entire capital of the National Smelting Company (operating zinc smelters at Avonmouth, Swansea and Seaton Carew and holding an interest in National Alloys and National Fertilisers), and of Non-Ferrous Metal Products, which produces, *inter alia*, lithopone and zinc oxide (both used in paints). It is impossible to give an analysis of the company's revenue, but the combined turnover of sulphuric acid, zinc oxide and lithopone is approximately equal to that of zinc. In the year ending June, 1935, the lower profits of Imperial Smelting were due in the main to lower zinc prices. The company obtains its ore supplies from the Australian mines under a long-term agreement, the price of the ore being based on that of spelter (zinc) at the time of purchase. On a falling market for the metal, therefore, the profit margin for Imperial Smelting is reduced. In the year to June, 1935, when the price was falling (average £12 16*s.* 6*d.*), the company earned only 0.5 per cent. on its ordinary shares. This year the earnings should be considerably higher, for in the six months ending December, 1935, the price was rising and averaged about £15 per ton. Investors must be patient, but at the present price of 18*s.* the shares are what the market calls a "good lock-up."

* * *

Sometimes I receive letters from shareholders complaining that their directors have made some iniquitous proposal—some reconstruction of the share capital or "scheme of arrangement" or issue of shares which they consider to be unfair. I advise them to join the Shareholders' Protection Association (subscription 10*s.* per annum) and in future to write to the Secretary, Mr. John Wilmot, at 185 High Holborn, W.C.1. Mr. Wilmot will espouse their cause if it is a just one and can be relied upon to make an impression at any company meeting. The Association has just held its third annual meeting, and has already a fine record of good works among the investing poor.

NOTE: My statistical assistant is busy preparing calculations showing how Kaffir shares are affected by the new taxation.

Company Meeting

## PROVINCIAL CINEMATOGRAPH THEATRES, LTD.

THE twenty-sixth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of the company was held in London on Wednesday last. Mr. Mark Ostrer, Chairman, presiding, said (in part):

During the financial year unsurpassed competition has been experienced and in the circumstances it is satisfactory to note that our profits have not only been maintained, but have actually been increased by approximately £12,000. The Chairman then dealt with the various items of the balance sheet in detail, and continuing, said: The net profit for the year including income from investments and transfer fees, amounted to £494,368, an increase of £11,859.

Adding to the year's profit of £494,368, the balance brought forward from last year of £122,834 gives a total available of £617,202. Deducting from this figure the amounts appropriated to Reserve for Income Tax, Depreciation Reserve, Debenture Stock Sinking Fund and General Reserve; and the dividends totalling £202,500 on the Preference and Preferred Ordinary shares as shown in the account, there remains a balance of £197,923, out of which your Directors recommend the payment of a dividend on the Ordinary shares at the usual rate of 15 per cent., being the ninth consecutive year this dividend has been maintained. This dividend will require £75,000, leaving £122,923 to be carried forward.

The Gaumont Palace, Stroud, was opened in August, 1935. Our new theatre, The Gaumont, Worcester, with a seating capacity of 1,750, was opened on the 23rd October, 1935. The Gaumont, Manchester, which is owned by a 100 per cent. subsidiary Company, was opened on the 21st October last. Theatres are to be erected at Chippenham and Salisbury, and a third at Trowbridge is to be reconstructed.

Since the 1st July, 1935, we have had the benefit of the readjustment of the entertainments tax—its removal from the cheaper priced seats has been of some value, and has offset to an extent the effects of the increased competition. The advantage of our continued association with Gaumont-British enables us to enjoy, among other things, profitable booking facilities, and film hire is kept on a reasonable basis. For the current year the profits have been well maintained, and I hope it will be possible to submit for your consideration at the next annual meeting results equally as satisfactory as those before you to-day. The Chairman then paid a tribute to the loyalty and co-operation of the staff.

The Report and dividend resolution were carried unanimously.


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## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

F.P.S.I. Public Lecture by GERALD HEARD on "A PSYCHOLOGY FOR PROGRESSIVES." Chairman, J. C. Flugel, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, on Wednesday, April 1st, at 8 p.m. Tickets: Members 6d., non-members 1s.; from SECRETARY, Federation of Progressive Societies, 475 Oxford Street, W.1. (May. 3110) or at door.

MR. HUGH REDWOOD (*News-Chronicle*) will give an Address at St. Edmunds Church, Lombard St., on Wednesday, April 1st, at 1.10 p.m. "THE GOSPEL AND THE POOR."

HAMPSTEAD ETHICAL SOCIETY, 153 Finchley Road (Swiss Cottage), N.W.3. Sunday, Mar. 29th, at 6.15, DR. EDWARD CONZE (Author of "The Scientific Method of Thinking"): "SOCIALISM AND MASS PSYCHOLOGY."

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, Holborn.—Sunday, March 29th, at 11 a.m.; JOHN KATZ, B.A.: "THE PHILOSOPHER AS ARCHITECT OF CIVILISATION." 6.30 p.m., Concert Chamber Music. Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, March 29th, at 3.30. Dr. DAVID FORSYTH: "PSYCHOLOGY AND RELIGION." At 6.30, Dr. MAUDE ROYDEN: "WHAT IS HUMILITY?"

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, March 29th, at 11, Mr. H. J. BLACKHAM: "DEAN MATTHEWS ON THE PURPOSE OF GOD." 6.30, Mr. J. E. TUKE: "A BETTER WORLD; THE ETHICAL CASE FOR SOCIAL CREDIT."

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